

ORACE  
for  
1896



45

*Jno. F. Chambers.*

# The Peoples Savings Bank

OF LANSING, MICH.

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CAPITAL, - \$150,000

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CORNER OF WASHINGTON AND MICHIGAN AVENUES  
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If you have any banking business we shall be pleased to see  
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# The Mapes Clothing Co.

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ATHLETIC AND PRESENTATION MEDALS  
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WATCHES ... DIAMONDS ... JEWELRY

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Family Hammocks, Baby Hammocks and Hammocks just right for two, at prices to suit all.

Bicycles, Base Balls, Mitts, Masks, Clubs, Witch Hazel Extract and Vino-Kolaфра.

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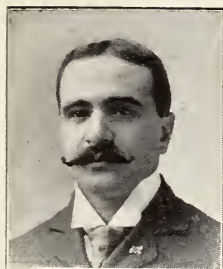
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Decorating to be done.

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**Jos. R. Larose,**

**Washington Avenue South.,**

Dealer in Wall Paper, Decorations  
and Glass.

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**Parlors**

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*of each week is*

*Bargain Day*

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*See my*

*Ladies'*

*Furnishing Goods*

STEBBINS

Opera House  
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*SHUBEL*

*You Know!*

*If You Want*

*Negligee*

*Shirts*

*with Up-to-Date Collars*

*There is only one place*

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*A Good Buy for all  
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*Boice's of Course*

You will Want a Camera or  
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WE HAVE THEM .

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Bulls Eye, Montank, East-  
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We also have Plates, Films,  
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**Free Use of Dark Room.**

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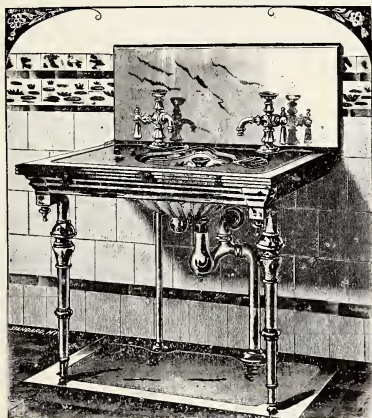
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*Chronic  
Diseases.*

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**Sanitary Plumbers  
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**Estimates Cheerfully Given.  
All Work Guaranteed.**

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**Jimmie  
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**Marble, Granite, Stone  
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**104, 106, 108  
WASHTENAW STREET EAST.**

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We are, we are, we are the  
P-e-o-p-l-e  
Who do print-i-n-g,  
You know us, T. and V.

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**W. H. PORTER**

300 Capitol Avenue South,  
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FOR THE  
FINEST .

**LIVERY  
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Bell Phone 65—New Phone 133.

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Hats and

Men's Furnishings

Sole Agent for KNOX HATS

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**for gentlemen**

The new "Lennox" is one of our most popular styles for gentlemen, and comes in Wine and Brown Russia, Patent Leather and Fine Calf, at \$3.00 to \$6.00.

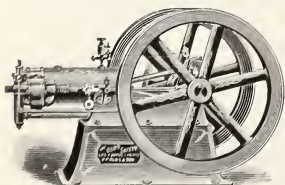
Our "Stilletto" is the very latest pointed toe and absolutely correct.

**for ladies**

We call special attention to our extreme needle toe "Columbia" at \$3.00 which we claim superior to any \$3.50 shoe shown in this city and superior to most \$4.00 shoes; lace or button, black or russet.

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## Nobby Suits, Hats, Caps and Furnishing Goods

Is at

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THE RELIABLE CLOTHIERS.  
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ALSO DECORATIVE GOODS AND DECORATORS.

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**Moores & Weed**  
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**HARDWARE...**  
**Paints and Oils**

BELL 'PHONE 116.  
NEW 'PHONE 11.

**Cor. Mich. Ave. and Cedar St.**

**B**uilders' Hardware is our specialty. Latest designs on House Trimmings, best manufacturers' goods, and sold at the lowest margin of profit.

Stoves and Ranges.  
Kelsey Furnaces.

Household Utensils.  
Granite, Copper and Tinware.

Screen Doors and Windows.  
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**...The Best Gasoline Stove Made...**

**Robert Smith & Co.**

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Embossers  
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**LANSING**



**It is  
Our Business...**

To make business for business men by furnishing them printing suited to their business. Such printing is a producer of business. In other words, we make a business of producing business-producing

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*Davis & Co.,*

104 Washington Ave. North.



Crash Suits,  
Duck Suits,  
Bicycle Suits.

Is there anything you want in a Cap? We have it.  
Track Suits, Supporters, Everything for the young  
and old in the Clothing Line at Davis & Co.'s,

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Buy your gown for the ball of

*Reynolds,  
Jewett & Knapp,*

*The Busy Bargain  
Dry Goods House.*

Silks, Wool Novelties Hosiery, Gloves, Cloaks, Wraps and suits.  
See our Line and Test our Claims for your Favors.  
Popular Goods at Popular Prices.

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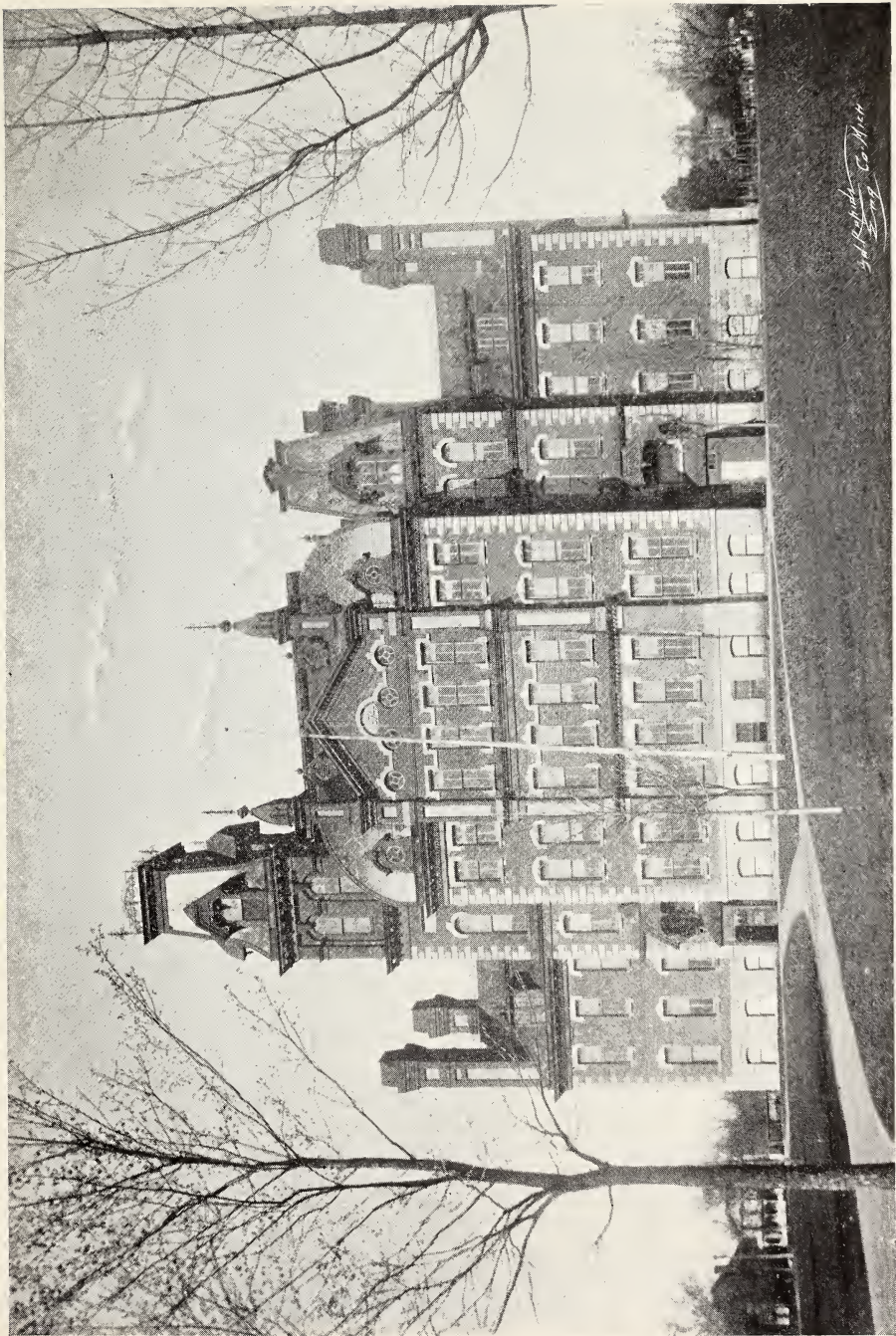
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*Buy Your Shoes of*

*Woodworth,*

*Largest Stock,  
Latest Styles,  
Prices Right.*

*Established 1856 at  
115 Washington Avenue North.*



*W. H. Anderson Co. Mch. 1917*

LANSING HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING.





To the Alumni  
of the  
Lansing High School

We, the Oracle Board of '96,

Dedicate this Volume.

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1896

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Thomas M. Marshall,  
 Editor in Chief  
 Harriett I Robson,  
 Assistant Editor.

Walter S. Foster,  
 Business Manager.

Florence Hedges.

Lu. D. Baker.

Clotie Chambers.

Arthur H. Dail.

Wm. Thorne Fulton

## History of The Oracle.

The first ORACLE was issued by the Class of '92. The undertaking was a somewhat venturesome one, but it proved a success and a neat little volume was the result; which not only amply repaid the efforts spent upon it, but also gave an inspiration and model for future classes. The board consisted of six members appointed by the class, and were as follows: Howard Bement, editor; G. Edd. Foerster, Jennie Kelso and Mary Pugh, assistants; C. S. Jones, business manager, and G. H. Richmond, reporter '93. Six hundred were printed and were sold at ten cents per copy.

The success attained by the Class of '92 decided the Class of '93 in regard to whether they should also have an ORACLE. The members of this board were: Robert Y. Larned, editor-in-chief; Oceana Ferrey, assistant; Edwin J. Bement, business manager; Ivaleta Boice, Wm. H. Hornberger, and Jessie Ballard, staff. This edition contained a few cuts, the class poem, the oration, prophecy, etc. There were eight hundred copies, which sold at the same price as those of the previous year.

The next class had no fears of their success and spent more money in drawings, thus making the ORACLE more attractive. The board consisted of Harley H. Newman, editor-in-chief; Florence Porter, assistant editor; John W. Hoag, business manager; Mina C. Cook, Grace R. Hagadorn, Mary Z. Humphrey, Harry L. Lewis, and Henry E. Ballard as the staff. Eight hundred were printed and sold at ten cents per copy. The '94 ORACLE is one of which the class may well be proud.

The Class of '95 expected to out-do all previous ones, and it cer-



tainly accomplished its purpose. The board consisted of William F. Dickerman, editor-in-chief; Florence Z. Bissell, assistant editor; R. Guy Brownson, business manager, and Sadie B. Cooper, Lotie E. Newell, Belle G. Hopkins, Henry W. Weigman and E. Clinton Ward as staff. They entered upon a new plan, that of having the book profusely filled with cuts, and we see as a result the half-tones of our teachers and the board. One thousand were printed and on commencement these sold for fifteen cents each, but after then for twenty-five cents.

As to what the Class of '96 can do we will leave to the public.

## Editorial.

THE ORACLE for '96, which we now place before the public, is, we think, the finest ever published in the city. The new style of cover, the fine paper, and the many engravings make it far more attractive than its predecessors. The literary merit we leave to the judgment of the reader, but even in this we dare to hope that the public will not be disappointed. Each ORACLE has surpassed the one of the year before, and doubtless those in years to come will go ahead of this of '96; but we have striven to put out a volume that future years will find hard to surpass.



“The Observer,” the semi-monthly publication of some of the Junior boys, has appeared upon the journalistic field in the High School, and has met with a well deserved success. We hope that in the year to come the Junior Class will take it upon their shoulders to get out “The Observer” as a Class organ, while the Seniors publish the “ORACLE.”



This year the ORACLE Board decided to give a prize of five dollars for a short story written by some member of the school. By the first of March eight stories were received by us and submitted to competent judges. Owing to the nature of the publication none of the stories were deemed suitable, and all were rejected.

We wish to thank Mrs. Bartholomew, Mrs. Howell, Mrs. Spencer, and Mr. Chester Wood, who so kindly assisted us by acting as judges

of the stories. We also thank the reporters who so faithfully worked for the success of the publication.



The literary value of the ORACLE is greatly increased by the assistance of Miss Hattie Reynold of Chicago, formerly of Lansing, and of Mr. Earle Pitt; doubtless the work of "Reuben Green" will be recognized. Mr. Everett very kindly wrote the article on "Science in the Lansing High School," which every person interested along a scientific line will find of interest. The Class Song that appears in the ORACLE is the work of members of the Class of '96. The music, written by Miss Maude Larose, much to our regret cannot appear in this publication. The words are the work of Mr. Thomas Marshall. The artistic pen and ink drawings in the ORACLE are the work of Miss Lu. Baker. The work speaks for itself and the many designs show how faithfully the artist worked.



The Class of '96 has most liberally supported the ORACLE, both financially and by their earnest co-operation, and we hope in years to come the Seniors will follow their example. If the ORACLE is put on a strong financial basis from the beginning, many difficulties will easily be overcome, and a better publication can be brought out. It is a class affair and should always receive the assistance of the entire class in every way possible, and then the success of the publication is assured.



Mr. Hoyt, who has so well filled the office of superintendent of the Public Schools for the past three years is about to leave us to assume the responsibilities of his new position at the State Normal, and before he goes we wish to express our hearty appreciation of his work in the public schools. Mr. Hoyt, Mr. Smith, and the teachers of the High School have combined to heartily support the ORACLE board and we thank them for their many courtesies.

Prof. Laird, superintendent of the Dowagiac Schools, has been chosen by the Board of Education to fill Mr. Hoyt's place. Prof. Laird has met with flattering success in his past school work, and we trust that his future will be equally brilliant.



The course of lectures on Psychology that Mr. Hoyt kindly gave the Seniors was well attended and the entertaining speaker aroused a decided interest in that branch of work. Psychology is the most difficult and still the most charming of studies and its benefits are of a decidedly practical value. The ORACLE thinks it would be a valuable study to all of the older pupils in the High School.



The Seniors appreciate the efforts of the musicians who have so readily assisted at the different exercises given by the Class of '96, and the enjoyable moments we have passed listening to the various melodies have afforded every one pleasure.



The plan of Friday afternoon rhetorical for final orations has proven a success and we suggest that the same plan be followed in years to come. The friends of the school then have an opportunity of hearing several orations without having to take the trouble of coming so often to the school.



The Freshmen have shown their good-will toward the Seniors by decorating the assembly room for final orations. The Sophomores beautifully trimmed the Methodist church for class day exercises and the Juniors have taken great pains to make the opera house attractive for commencement. Our under classmen have shown themselves most worthy of our esteem and one and all we thank them.



The advisability of dropping Latin and German from our school course was discussed this year by the Board of Education, but no action was taken. We sincerely hope that the course will not be weakened by taking out two of the most important subjects. At present our school ranks among the best in the State and the High School should continue to hold its enviable place and always be the pride and boast of the citizens of Lansing.



The business men have given the ORACLE their earnest support as the many pages of advertisements show. We extend to them our good-will and best wishes, for without their assistance it would have been impossible to bring out the ORACLE in its present artistic form. The ORACLE heartily thanks the business men of Lansing.

## President's Address.

It is, perhaps, always with mingled feelings of pleasure and regret that a class approaches the close of its Senior year. It is with regret that we think of the many happy friendships that must be broken. It is with a degree of sadness that we think of giving up the good times in the class-room where so often occurred those many little things that would almost start a smile from even a stone face. It is with pleasure and many happy reminiscences that we look back upon our school life, and deep down in our hearts there is a regret, half afraid to make itself known, that we are to leave behind us our High School days forever. In one sense it is like burying a dear friend; and in another, it is like putting aside our childish things, like breaking off our apprenticeship and stepping forth to brave the tasks of our life work, out into the duties, the trials and pleasures of life.

Yet though there is a tinge of sadness at the approach of commencement day, there is still a feeling of pleasure, a feeling that we have at last realized a long looked-for event, a feeling that we are expanding, that we are going from the little realm of school out into that broader, boundless kingdom, the mighty school of life, where the lessons, though sometimes hard and difficult, must be learned from that strictest of teachers, who has held sway through all the ages, and from whom all knowledge originated and who has been known for all time as that stern old schoolmaster Experience.

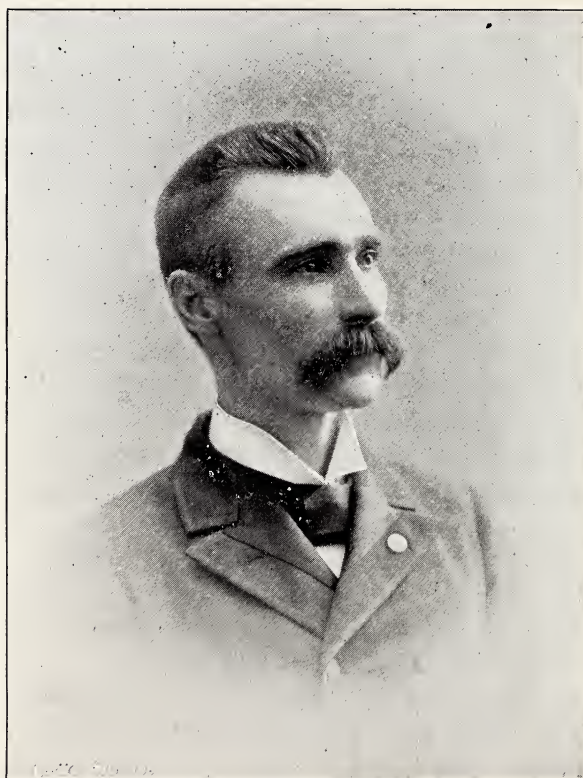
In this broad field a few, or none of us, may achieve fame. Yet, what matters it if one does not climb the ladder of renown? For what is fame? It is a flimsy thing, ever receding from the grasp, and, like the shades of the under world, defies the embrace of the living. Even after it is attained, 'tis said that the mere possession of it affords no genuine satisfaction, but that the true reward was in the pursuit of it. It is this, the pursuit, the expectancy, the looking forward to an event, that as a rule, constitutes the happiest part of that event. The

real satisfaction is in doing active, earnest work; and, when it is over, the consciousness that it is done.

This, in a measure may account for our uncertain attitude toward commencement. Where one would naturally expect to see joyous exultation and happiness unrestrained on the eve of our graduation, there is undoubtedly a trace of sadness in our inmost consciousness which, in the excitement of the time, does not show in the outward appearance. Our greatest pleasure has been in working for and deserving the diplomas which we receive on commencement night. What satisfaction would it be to have them presented to us, if we had not earned them? So the Class of '96 has inculcated this principle of work in its class motto by adopting as its guide "*Nihil sine labore*," nothing without work. It is a motto good and true and will lead us faithfully onward as long as we follow its precepts. For work is the basis of all success and when we realize this fact, then will we realize the value of our motto.

At this time it may not be out of place to say something about the value of education or what our High School work has done for us. The principle duty of the school is to so train the students that they will not only be better citizens, but also that they may be better able to help themselves. The object of the work in school is not to fit one for any particular kind of work, but to so train, develop and broaden his mind that he will readily be able to take up any class of work and pursue it with greater intelligence. What particular use will ever be made of Greek, Latin, Algebra or Geometry?—is a question that many are asking. The cry seems to be directed against Greek and Latin especially. But why is it that so few continue in Latin to the end, or why is it that so many drop it after a trial? It is because it is difficult and makes them work; it makes them think, if they would get their lessons. But is not this the very thing that is wanted? Is it not something that will exercise the mind that is needed? And when a Latin student gets out in the world and some seemingly mountainous difficulty confronts him, will not the training which he has received be of service to him? For in all probability he will go at it as he did at his Latin lesson and patiently work it out. We are all of us glad that we have had the privilege of a High School training and we hope that not only we ourselves may be benefited, but that we may be the better citizens for it.

AUSTIN BURDICK.



CHARLES O. HOYT.

## Charles O. Hoyt.

The success of the Public Schools depends largely on their supervision.

We have been fortunate in having at the head of our schools one of the best educators and superintendents in the State, Charles O. Hoyt. During the three years that Mr. Hoyt has been with us he has proven himself to be an efficient worker along educational lines; and the Lansing Public Schools have continued to hold a prominent position among the first in the State.

Mr. Hoyt for the last five years has made a special study of psychology, and at present is secretary of the State Society for Child Study.

During the past year he has formed a club for child study among the teachers, and about eighty meetings have been held. His aim in these meetings has been to inspire the teachers in their work and to improve the methods of instruction.

He also formed mothers' meetings in all of the schools. These meetings have been held once a month and have enabled teachers and parents to co-operate in the training of the child.

Professor Hoyt has recently received the degree of A. B. from Albion College and expects to study at Clark University, Worcester, Mass., this summer. His work at the State Normal as Director of the Training Department, will be along the line of child study.

Psychology at present is recognized as an essential study in normal work, among all great educators, and it is owing to Mr. Hoyt's broad knowledge of the subject that he has been tendered the position that he is about to assume.

We sincerely hope that his future will be crowned with as much success as his past.



## Class Oration.

### "OUR FIRST AMERICAN."

Character makes a country. Manhood like that of Washington and Lincoln makes the past of America and insures her future greatness. Every period of history has its chief character and as some periods overshadow others, so they have leaders that rise above all others. Each great character has some opposing one. Thus we see George III. and Washington, Jefferson Davis and Abraham Lincoln. Each represents some great power and history records the result of the great conflicts between their principles until ultimately the right triumphed.

In our own country it has been a fight for freedom, first against tyranny and then against slavery. Washington led in the struggle for freedom from England when she strove to take from us the liberties that belong to every man. Lincoln led in the struggle between freedom on the one side and slavery on the other. The one was brought here by honest, God-fearing men, whose object was to found a home, and live in it in the enjoyment of all the privileges God has given to man. This was essentially American. The other was brought here by men who were seeking wealth and fame and power, who cared not for humanity unless it would better them, and they could and would dispense with the thought, that all men are equal. This came from the old despotisms of Europe. The one man who stands out pre-eminently in this struggle is Abraham Lincoln.

This man was born in Kentucky on the 12th of February, 1809. He grew up among homely surroundings. He, unlike most American

boys, had little schooling. He spent his time working on the farm and for his neighbors. He commenced to study law, but in order to obtain the required books he had to walk to Springfield, some twenty miles away. On his way home it was his custom to study and he often mastered a whole book on the return journey. On the 3rd of December, 1839, he was admitted to practice law at the bar of the circuit court of the United States.

The Black Hawk war broke out, and he enlisted and was chosen captain of his division, but he never engaged in a battle. He served several terms in the Illinois legislature and then was elected to Congress. While there he introduced a bill for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia.

The presidential election drew near and it was certain that the crisis was approaching that slavery would be the issue on which all would turn.

Lincoln's friends finally obtained permission to use his name as that of a candidate for the presidency. The Republican convention met in Chicago, and it was soon seen that the choice lay between Lincoln and Seward. On the third ballot Lincoln was chosen and the nomination was made unanimous. Oh, what a day for the Union! What rejoicing in Illinois and the North! Then followed his election and the downfall of the power of slavery.

Buchanan leaves the executive chair and when Lincoln takes it the country is on the verge of ruin. The Union has been betrayed; forces, ammunitions and war vessels are in the hands of the Confederates. Almost all the experienced men have left the side of the Union and joined the side of the Rebels. When he goes to the helm everything is new to him and he has new assistants who may be traitors. Many and many a seat is vacant in the House of Congress. There is one chair draped in mourning. It has been vacated not by treason, but by death. Many a sorrowful look is cast at the seat of Stephen A. Douglas, for he was a leader loved and respected by all. Ah! well would it have been if death instead of treason, had robbed the other chairs. But there is a firm and steady hand at the helm, guided by a mind that is ruled by judgment, and the confidence of

the people and the trust in God. Then follows that long struggle between Slavery and Freedom and the great victories of Gettysburg, Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge, Shiloh and Chickamauga, and the capture of New Orleans, Vicksburg, Atlanta and Petersburg and finally Richmond. On January 1, 1863, was issued the proclamation that set free a race, that sent slavery to the grave. The war is ended, Lee has surrendered. Now the President has ended a work that will make his name immortal. He decides to go to the theatre to spend the evening in enjoyment. But alas what a play is to be enacted there, one of the greatest tragedies in history and he is the hero. What has he done that Nemesis should follow him? He has freed a race—broken the power of slavery—spread freedom over the country—preserved the Union. There he sits in his box, which is draped with the regimental flags, and with the portrait of Washington in front of him. The actor Booth enters from behind, shoots our leader, leaps over the railing onto the stage and escapes, but soon afterwards is shot because he would not surrender.

Mrs. Lincoln spends the remainder of her life in an unsettled state of mind, for the tragedy has unbalanced her reason. The President was taken to a house across the street, and there at 7:22 on the morn of April 15th he died, having never recovered consciousness.

Listen to the click of the telegraph as it sends the terrible news o'er all the world, that the preserver is the martyr; that he has fallen for Freedom, for Liberty; that Slavery in its last gasp reached forth and struck the hero of the nation a deadly blow, thinking by so doing to plunge the Union into disorder and disruption, but there are strong and willing hands ready to carry on the work of reorganization.

The funeral train passed over the same route by which he came to Washington, stopping at all the principal cities. In Philadelphia it stopped for a day and Lincoln's remains rested in Independence Hall at the foot of the Liberty Bell. Oh! what a fitting scene—the house where Independence was born, the bell that rang out the glad tidings of Liberty and the remains of the preserver of both. From thence on to New York and up the Hudson River to Albany, through the beautiful highlands. Yonder we see the train coming around the hill.

The engine draped in mourning, travels as if with military tread, and conscious of its burden. What a mournful picture is this! On the silent picturesque hillside, which is covered by nature with a green mantle, trimmed with trees and beautiful flowers, we see the Goddess of Liberty kneeling at the tomb of Lincoln and covering it with flowers. On the funeral train passes until it reaches Springfield, and there the remains of our beloved President are laid to rest beneath the shadow of the capitol where he first served his country.

Lincoln was distinguished for his character. Phillips Brooks says: "In him was vindicated the greatness of real goodness and the goodness of real greatness. Not one of all the multitudes who stood and looked up to him for direction, with such a loving and implicit trust, can tell you today, whether the wise judgments that he gave came most from a strong head or a sound heart. If you ask them they are puzzled. In him goodness and intelligence combined and made their best result of wisdom." He united the mental and the moral into a life of the sublimest simplicity, and it is such a person of faithful and true heart that God chooses to rule his people.

Lincoln's life is full of contrasts. Here we see him as the western farm hand, splitting rails, working at any honest trade by using his muscles; there we see him using his brain. Here we see him as the circuit rider practicing law; there we see him as the chief executive of the nation. Now he lives in a log cabin; next he is in the White House. Here he is speaking to the farm hands from a stump, perhaps; there he speaks to the nation from the capitol steps. Here he is pleading for the life of a friend before a court; there he is pleading for the life of a race before God. Here he is captain of a regiment in the Black Hawk war; there he is commander-in-chief of millions in the Civil war. "Honest Abe" from the grocery store keeper to the keeper of the nation's store-house.

True worth will always win its place in the world. His was a character that we may safely follow. He had a great work to perform and so have we, and his example should teach us how to grapple with our duty and carry it forward always with our confidence in the people and our trust in God.



He was made from clay as was Adam. He was the "Shepherd of the People." He fed us faithfully and truly, with counsel when we were in doubt; with inspiration when we faltered; with caution when we were rash; with calm, clear, trustful cheerfulness when our hearts were dark. He fed us with sympathy and consolation. He taught us duty, devotion, and patriotism, the sacredness of government, the wickedness of treason. He enkindled in our souls the love of liberty with which his was filled. He stood with outstretched hand toward the South, giving them mercy and to the whole country peace, and then God called him home. He was almost the ideal.

His life illustrates the possibilities for an American. He began at the foot of the ladder and climbed to the very summit of the pinnacle of fame. We do not require riches or a name. Lincoln had neither, Grant had neither; but they made their names, and so can we. Seven American boys have gone to the White House from the log cabin, and have not some of these moved the world? There are other men needed to keep this grand republic moving on in her greatness until she shall have accomplished her mission of scattering the seeds of Freedom o'er the earth and have brought universal brotherhood, and where shall they come from? Who will answer to the call of Freedom? Are *we* ready? Then let us follow the example as set before us by the founder of this grand and glorious nation; by the emancipator of a race, whom we shall henceforth call our brethren, not our slaves, and let us exclaim as did Lincoln about slavery: "Bow to it I never will. Many free countries have lost their liberties, and ours may lose hers, but if she shall, let it be my proudest plume not that I was the last to desert, but that I never deserted her. Here before Heaven and in the face of the world I swear eternal fidelity to the just cause of the land of my life, my liberty, and my love." To have heard Lincoln speak to a great audience on Freedom must have been like listening to Demosthenes thundering against Philip or Patrick Henry pleading for American liberty.

When he stood on the battlefield of Gettysburg he uttered as noble words for the brave men who saved our country as any man could ever speak, and let us stand in the country he has saved and which is



to be his grave and monument and say of Abraham Lincoln: "We cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they gave their last full measure of devotion, that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, and this nation under God shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

Stand by the flag of Freedom. Ah! That flag has vengeance for villains, for did it not catch up the assassin and cause him to fall and break a limb and a remnant still clung to him. It was freedom, liberty that clutched with that guilty one. Send the Stars and Stripes o'er all the earth and make them be honored and looked up to as the emblem of the grandest nation on the face of the earth. Let us follow the character of the preserver of our country, for we may be called upon to help direct this "Ship of State," and may we be as able, as ready as was our western hero, our first American, for had it not been for his statesmanship, his confidence in the people, this nation today might have had two governments. His sublime patience, wonderful endurance, great hand and heart, saved this country from division when division meant ruin.

The war cloud had darkened the heavens and now the light is beginning to shine through again, and the mist to clear away, when his sun sinks so suddenly and throws over the land a darkness that is felt in every heart, a darkness that again takes the place of coming dawn. Slavery! Slavery is to blame! But suddenly far up in the heavens the clouds part and the sun in all its golden splendor illumines the heart; the darkness is dispelled and there shining in glory stands our martyred President. The heavens have opened to receive him. He has finished his work, has viewed the promised land, but must not pass in to enjoy it. He has added his name to the long list of martyrs. Yesterday a man mocked and abused, a target for malice and hatred, today an object of veneration. His life and tragic death mark an epoch in American history from which dates

the unqualified annunciation of the greatest truth, the very keystone to the arch of human rights, and the glorious brightness of that upper world, as it welcomed the bleeding spirit, broke through and shone on our earth as the dawn of the day growing brighter, which hailed the onward march of the grand army of freedom. Many men have risen above him either in politics, statesmanship, power of command, or courage, or in eloquence, logic and grasp of thought, but none have united these all into such a grand masterly character as did he, and with these qualities he has won a fame that makes him the grand central figure of American history, the sublime type of our civilization.

“His life was gentle, and the elements  
So mix'd in him that nature might stand up  
And say to all the world, ‘This was a man!’”

WILLIAM THORNE FULTON.

## An X-Ray Experiment.



We, the members of the Class of '96, were in a quandary. One thing only was clear, *something* must be done which would make the memory of our final year in the High School, an oasis in the Sahara of records left by

our predecessors. Many a night did this indefinite *something* perplex our brains—such as we had—when we should have been poring over our books in the preparation of the next day's lessons.

We did not want a Senior Exhibition, for it would, beyond question, be a failure, as the public had not yet recovered from the effects of '95's efforts in that direction and, moreover, we were not at all anxious to run the risk of lowering the glorious reputation which we had won at the presentation of our Junior "Ex" a year ago.

Neither did we wish to don Mexican sombreros, thus following '94's example and making ourselves ridiculous, for we are bashful in a way, although when you have seen our ORACLE, you may not believe it. No, neither of these would answer. Only something new and startling would suit fastidious '96, and so the days and weeks passed and the problem had not yet been solved.

One morning in physics class, however, the process of taking photographs, by means of the X-rays, was explained at great length by one of our *embryo* scientists, and an article was read stating that Professor Röntgen had succeeded in photographing the human brain and its contents, but that he had experienced great difficulty in find-

ing people who were willing to have their private thoughts revealed to the public at large.

The article furthermore stated that the Professor believed that his discovery would be beneficial in many ways, especially in schools and colleges, for, by means of it, each teacher could ascertain just how much knowledge of any subject the pupils possessed, thus doing away with the "ponies" so often ridden through the "tests" and examinations of the present school-system.

During this report several Seniors exchanged knowing glances and when the class-bell rang, at the end of the hour, a whispered consultation was held which resulted in the calling of a class meeting.

In this meeting, which was a fair type of all which had preceded it, and, therefore, beggars description, after a spirited discussion, it was decided to invite Professor Röntgen to photograph the brains of the class and then to publish the results.

In reply to our letter of invitation, the Professor stated that he would gladly accede to our wishes and, moreover, would charge nothing except his doctor bills in case he should be made ill by the excessive stair-climbing.

On the twenty-seventh of May he arrived, with the necessary apparatus. Everything was soon in readiness and the great experiment was begun. It occupied about seven and one-half hours, most of the exposures being of ten minutes' duration, although some were one or two minutes shorter, owing to the inability of the younger ones to sit still so long.

To me it fell to prepare a description of the results for publication and a statement to this effect came out the next week in the *High School Observer*. But for this *public* notice, I doubt that this report would have ever been made; for, it must be confessed, the result did *not* equal our expectations.

Perhaps the greatest difficulty which the Professor experienced was that of preventing the rays from passing directly through the brains, there seeming to be nothing to arrest them.

Owing to this, several of the plates were blank, while others contained only shadowy outlines of what appeared to be,—doubts concern-

ing the probabilities of graduation, a few broken resolves, scattering fragments of partially formed ideas, and an indefinite number of thoughts concerning gowns for commencement. It was, of course, only *girls* whose brains were reproduced thus.

Still others there were in which the corpus collosum, corpus, fimbriatum, eminentia collateralis and the anterior, middle and posterior cavities of the ventricles of the cerebrum, the ventricle of the cerebellum and a portion of the medulla oblongata were plainly visible but not the faintest outline of anything else.

The queer aspect of the cerebrum and its contents excited much curiosity, and, upon close examination, it was found that every one of the numerous little nerve fibres, of which the white matter of the brain consists, was drawn to the highest possible tension and the ventricles, corpus fimbriatum, corpus collosum, etc., presented a parched and shriveled appearance due to the constant strain upon them during those weary days and nights when their owners were "racking their brains" for something to write upon the subjects assigned them for their final orations.

There were a few brains of such extraordinary thickness that the rays would not penetrate them, and, accordingly, only the convolutions which form a covering for the cerebrum were reproduced upon the plate.

One thing which was especially noticeable was the absence of the inferior frontal convolution which is generally accepted by physiologists as the center for the memory of words. This explained some of the poor German recitations, seemingly inexcusable hitherto, which had been frequently made throughout the past year and had many a time called forth from Miss Lamb a mild yet decisive "*Sie müssen mehr studieren.*"

Several of the photographs depicted brains, which, on account of lack of use, were thickly coated with a peculiar substance closely resembling rust, while others revealed great longings for fame in the Professions or in the field of Journalism or of Politics but, strange as it may seem, in none of them could there be found scarcely more



than a trace of the various branches of study upon which so many weary hours have been spent during the past four years.

There are a few of these photographs which deserve special mention, among them being that of a brain belonging to one of the girls in the class. This photograph revealed a brain of large size, signifying a great intellect, and containing a large amount of gray matter which showed her to be of a highly nervous temperament which, indeed, was the case.

Occupying the center of the cerebrum was a dark, ominous looking substance, which proved, upon examination to be a miniature cyclone ready to burst forth in all its fury and transform the fair possessor of the brain into a perfect whirl-wind of passion for the time being, if any teacher should be so bold as to underestimate her truly excellent recitations.

This did not surprise us in the least, however, for we had frequently seen manifestations of this when she had received only ninety-seven or ninety-eight per cent. on some Latin test paper, but when she received below ninety ! ! ! great Jove himself could not have hurled his thunder-bolt with any greater force than that with which she hurled that test paper into the depths of the waste-basket, where, crumpled and stunned by the fall it lay until the janitor committed it, together with the other contents of the basket, to the flames.

There was one photograph of which the ORACLE Board were very anxious to have a cut made, that it might appear in the ORACLE, but the owner begged so hard and seemed so distressed at the thought of it that the hearts of the board softened and the cut was not ordered.

There were reproduced upon the plate any number of jokes and witty sayings some of which the estimable young man had "sprung" in class meetings in the past and others which were all prepared and ready for use in the future, when occasion demanded—presumably at our class banquet tomorrow night.

There were also glowing plans for the future when, as the leading comedian of the age, he should be instrumental in elevating the American stage from the darkness in which it is now enveloped and bringing it upon a level with that of either Paris or London.

Mingled with the plans and jokes were all the popular airs and snatches from the latest operas which were continually running through his head and bursting forth in melodious strains, even in school, though, of course, in an undertone. These presented a blurred aspect upon the plate which, of course, was due to the rate at which they traversed his brain.

Aside from these there were a few hazy outlines of some non-important facts in Physics, and, now and then, a shadow of what resembled more than anything else, a part of the conjugation of *amo*, but that was all; the rest was blank.

There was *one* of these pictured brains, however, of which we are justly proud and only the modesty of its owner has prevented us from having it enlarged, framed and presented, with our compliments, to the Senior room where it would ever be admired and revered by all succeeding classes.

Every inch of the plate was crowded full of the choicest thoughts and ideas, all clearly defined and of a poetical nature.

The size of the brain and amount of gray matter was extraordinary and the cerebrum, which, Physiology teaches us, is the organ of the mind, was filled to overflowing with unwritten poems of exquisite beauty, marvelous in one so young.

There were epics which rivaled even Virgil's "*Aeneid*," lyrics of which Longfellow or Tennyson might well have been proud, and sonnets perfect in every detail.

Words fail me as I would describe to you, all the beauty and grandeur of that brain as I beheld it that never-to-be-forgotten May afternoon.

Dazzled by its magnificence, I could only say over and over again, "Is it a reality—is it not all a beautiful dream—an illusion soon to be dispelled?" Could it be possible that the brain of yon youth so unassuming, so meek in demeanor, could be the original of that pictured brain, so dazzling in its beauty? It was even so, and we wept for joy as we realized that such a one was in our midst, was one of us—yes—and the EDITOR-IN-CHIEF OF OUR ORACLE.

I would dwell longer upon this, the one bright spot in the memory

of that X-ray experiment, but lack of time forbids and I must hasten on.

There is but little more to tell. The experiment was, unquestionably, a great success—*scientifically*—and Professor Röntgen was rejoiced over the results, for of course it mattered little to *him* what *manner* of thoughts his X-rays photographed.

As for us—well—the results were *not* what we had fondly hoped and expected, still we did not complain, for the rays had photographed truly our brains and the “fulness thereof” although the pictures certainly did not flatter us as do those taken by Mr. Ellison for our class album, which would give anyone not acquainted with us the false impression that we were an exceptionally fine and distinguished looking class.

The importance to the world of Professor Röntgen’s wonderful discovery, cannot be overestimated. There is no doubt that if the photographing of human brains becomes universal, presidential candidates, in the future, will be unable to conceal their views on the financial question.

In that quiet laboratory in Würzburg there has certainly been discovered that mysterious power for which the immortal Burns longed when he said :

“ O wad some Pow’r the giftie gie us  
To see oursel’s as others see us!  
It wad frae monie a blunder free us  
And foolish notion.”

FLORENCE HEDGES.

## Memoirs of the Oracle Board.

Once upon a morning dreary, eight wise Seniors worn and weary  
Over many lengthy lessons studied well the night before,  
One by one came slowly plodding, sleepily their light heads nodding  
As if they were really thinking, thinking of their written lore;  
Name the cause of all this writing, writing of this priceless lore;  
      'Tis the ORACLE, nothing more.

Eight o'clock was set for meeting, but the time was swiftly fleeting  
And they all were clamoring loudly, as they always had before.  
Suddenly there came a tapping, the Editor-in chief was rapping,  
In his eye a dangerous glitter, he was vexèd very sore.  
Then a silence fell upon them, as they listened to him roar—  
“ We must now get down to business  
      Or we'll stay here evermore.”

Now oppressive was the quiet, no one *dared* to cause a riot;  
Florence sank back in a corner, Hattie perched upon the floor:  
Eloise then started thinking, Art at Lu was slyly winking  
She was longing to chide Thomas as she often had before.  
Thorne first gazed up at the ceiling, then he gazed down to the floor  
      Blankly gazed, and nothing more.

Walter with a hook was angling, Hattie's gold-brown tresses tangling;  
After long and earnest fishing, caught one hairpin, nothing more.  
Tom a poem reading mildly, but he stopped short, gazed up  
      wildly—  
For the class bell loud was ringing, as it always rang before.

Then they rushed off in confusion, as they often rushed before  
Thought of business never more.

\* \* \* \* \*

Then they had an evening meeting, since the days were swiftly fleeting  
Toward the time for giving over, of the trust they had in store.  
Genius great, was waning, sinking, for the girls were sadly thinking  
Of that test they'd vainly written, 'bout things never heard before;  
Of those questions so perplexing, which on mathematics bore,  
Test remembered, evermore.

But the "chief," their sadness scorning, said "There is no time for  
mourning  
When we have important business, that should have been done before."  
Then the girls all ceased their crying, and to sweetly smile were trying  
While the boys were telling secrets, in tones heard a block or more;  
Secrets of important business, that on ORACLE work bore.  
They are secrets never more.

Presently they started choosing work that they thought well worth  
using,  
Then each one had fixed opinions, none their own could quite give o'er.  
Lu, with spirit quite undaunted, said "cute" things alone were wanted,  
And such things as "principle," one might quite as well ignore,  
"Oh, adopt Lu's proposition," they did eagerly implore;  
Quoth the editor, "Never more!"

When they were severely chided, one and all they then decided  
To do just as they were bidden and write articles galore,  
Everything they would do gladly. Arthur declared wisely, sadly,  
That he had toiled long and faithful and one fact he did deplore—  
He was not conceded "honor," honor most he did adore.  
They adjourned forever more.

C. & R.



## Class Oration.

### “PRINCIPLE vs. POPULARITY.”

The desire to be popular is universal to mankind. This feeling is natural, and, to a certain extent, commendable. For influence over others is by no means the least of the gifts bestowed upon man; and one who possesses this influence, can use it in a way which will be of great benefit to those with whom he associates.

There is danger, however, that this desire for the approval of others will lead to the compromise of principles which we know are right. Thus the highest interests of mankind are often sacrificed for the mere selfish ambition to win the admiration of others.

But this method of catering to popular opinion does not produce the best results. It may, perhaps, be the cause of temporary favor and approval, but it always injures the character, and often brings about the complete ruin of life.

Besides, popularity obtained in this way is not enduring. Of this truth we have many historical illustrations.

The noted Robespierre, who took part in the French revolution, in his eager desire for a high position, pandered to the opinions of both parties in the conflict. For a time he was extremely popular. Supported willingly by the common people, he held supreme power in France. But soon there was a change of public feeling. The very persons who had been so clamorous in his praise were the ones who afterward became his worst enemies, and who finally caused his execution.

In American history we have Benedict Arnold, one who sacrificed principle for money and a coveted position. But in him we have

another example of a life ending in shame and disgrace, an example of one who was utterly despised by those whose favor he sought to win.

It is only when a person does what he knows to be right, even if he must contend against popular feeling, that in the end he gains lasting respect and honor.

It was in this way that Martin Luther gained an influence which finally swayed the civilized world. When he advanced his new doctrines, he was treated with contempt by those in authority. A few supported him in his new belief, but it was not until long after his death that the world recognized his true greatness as a reformer.

Think of the difficulties with which William Lloyd Garrison had to contend that he might be true to his convictions. At first he was one of the few who realized the terrible wrong in the traffic in human life. While slavery was still recognized by the people as a divine institution, Garrison rose in defense of the black man. By his fearless efforts in the anti-slavery movement, he did a mighty work for human liberty. But how was he treated by the pretended "lovers of liberty" in the North? He was unmercifully ridiculed, called a fool and a fanatic; his printing office was surrounded, and he was dragged with a rope through the streets of aristocratic Boston by a mob of the most respectable (?) of its citizens. But today William Lloyd Garrison is a name inseparably connected with the grand movement, which has made America really, as well as nominally, a free country—the emancipation of a race.

In this connection also may be mentioned Wendell Phillips, one who gave up everything except his life—and that, too, was often endangered—in defense of his convictions. As a rising lawyer, he had every advantage for success,—wealth, a fine education, and the best social standing. But when it was known that he had become an abolitionist, his prospects suddenly darkened. His former associates shunned him, and denounced him as "the friend of the niggers;" he became a social outcast; and even his own relatives were ashamed to have their family honor stained by one who had made himself an object of such general scorn. His professional prospects were ruined;

and everything which had seemed bright before became dark and gloomy. But nothing could swerve him from the path of duty. For all these sacrifices he was doubly repaid. He lived to see the teachings he had advanced joyfully endorsed, not only by the victorious North, but by the conciliated South. Future generations will honor Wendell Phillips as one of the greatest American reformers, one who was instrumental in breaking the shackles of four million slaves.

The long list of reformers, which has come down to us through the pages of history, is composed of men who would not, on any account, yield to the temptation to swerve from the right no matter how apparently advantageous to the popularity of their cause it might have been to do so. How much brighter is the lustre of these characters than of those who have defeated their own highest interests by sacrificing their principles for the sake of gaining the approbation of others.

There are many temptations of this kind in our daily lives. Although these smaller things may seem but trifles, yet they are not to be despised. For the lives of most of us are composed of trifles, and it is indeed a beautiful life into which these smaller incidents are so skillfully woven as to form a symmetrical whole. Besides, little temptations are often hardest to overcome, for the very reason that they seem so trifling. It is in these little things that we are most apt to fail.

In social life how many there are who do not strictly follow their convictions as to right and wrong. These mistakes are often unintentional ones, which could be avoided by a little thoughtful care. But there are many who, when they have decided upon some course which they think it right for them to pursue, have not the moral courage to adhere to their convictions. This is more especially true, if they have any reason to suspect that there are others to whom their beliefs will not appear well-founded. Thus many unconsciously weaken their characters and destroy their influence while striving to gain the favor of their associates.

We also see much sacrifice of principle among persons in public life,—persons who above all should be without reproach. It is necessary that the purpose of those to whom others look as leaders, should

be pure and noble. But when the ambition of the leader is to make himself prominent, rather than to work for the highest good of all, he is sure to prove false to his cause and defeat his own ends. If he advances false ideas which he hopes will find popular support, if he uses doubtful means to gain the favor of the wealthy and influential, his power for good is lost, and he becomes a hindrance, rather than an aid, to the welfare of his country.

The opposition of the people often prevents even ministers from expressing their views fearlessly,—from preaching the truth in regard to the many popular evils of the day.

But there is nowhere more need of straight forwardness and honesty than in the public press. The American newspaper is beyond doubt a most powerful agency for influencing the people for good or evil. There are more newspapers in the United States alone than in all the rest of the world combined. Their wide circulation can not but have a mighty educating influence upon the people of our country; for our opinions are in a large measure moulded by what we read, and the current literature of the nation comes to us entirely through the newspapers and magazines. Therefore it is of the greatest importance that the utterances of these papers be entirely unbiased by popular feeling. The desire to gratify the taste of depraved readers too often leads to the publication of sensational matter. Several columns are often given to the details of a brutal prize fight, while the mention of elevating subjects is confined to a single paragraph. The treatment of subjects which the press should justly and conscientiously discuss, should be in no way modified by what the public may desire to read on those subjects.

It is only by strong determination to follow our convictions, at whatever cost, that we can hope to fashion our lives after the highest ideal, the attainment of which should be our noblest purpose. The greater effort this requires, the more complete will be our reward. For as we admire and honor our Puritan and Pilgrim forefathers, and those who endured the greatest hardships and perils that they might not dishonor their principles, so we shall be regarded by those who live after us, if we are true in the highest sense to our duty,

even if we must stand alone in defense of the right. For as Lowell says:—

“Then to side with Truth is noble when we share her wretched crust,  
Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and 'tis prosperous to be just;  
Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward stands aside,  
Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord is crucified,  
And the multitude make virtue of the faith they had denied.”

BERTHA EVELYN MALONE.



## An Exploit of Sir Oracle.

SIR ORACLE, a knight of redoubtable valor, set out on a pilgrimage for the sake of pleasing fair women and enlightening brave men. Having, by dint of exertion, traveled into the country of far-famed cities he made his way from Okemos across the plains of Lansing to visit the noble ruin of the former seat of learning.

When his eye rested upon the four lonely chimneys, the looming walls and roofless domes, his heart stood still and a tear trickled down his cheek. He entered the forsaken pile and ascended the tottering stairs. Oh, what a scene of desolation was there! The walls were reeking with moisture and ghostly lathing told of the former beauty of those decorated walls.

After ascending flight after flight of stairs he came to a noble hall, grand in its proportions, which still echoed with the sounds of oratory breathed by the immortal Ludwick. Those echoes cannot die for they are nightly resounded by the mice which have long lived in the depths of the laboratory of the noted alchemist, Alphonso de Atkinus Everett.

But SIR ORACLE was more deeply moved by a marble tablet raised by some scholar who wished to commemorate the glory, disease or death of the departed. His eyes rested upon the ancient symbols. For the enlightenment of all true believers I will repeat what he then saw.

Died from a bursting of the skull, caused by a temporary inflation of the brain in early childhood, Frankie Cooley, apparently aged five.

Died through grief for the above, Clarie Gower, age unknown.

Drowned in a cup of lather during his first shaving experience, Mr. George Field, editor of the *Observer*.

Mr. Montgomery, the famous champion of athletic rights, received a passing mark in Cicero, June 17, 1899.

Senator Hill, the noted after-dinner speaker, has published a volume of literary productions illustrated by Mr. Cowley, the cowboy senator.

Miss Larose and Mr. Manne sang a duet April 15, 1896, entitled, "Truly, we love each other."

Mr. Bement, on June 1, 1896, gave a delightful rendition of his new song, "June, Lovely June."

Mr. Burdick, while entertaining himself with a volume of Fulton's Attack's, discovered a Roberts' "Rules of Order."

Sir ORACLE, owing to a gush of tears, was unable to continue reading this list, although he dimly discerned a notice about Burnett stumbling over a German something, but tears and age covered all this.

As he left the far-famed hall, he read this inscription over the door, "Holmes, sweet Holmes." Sir ORACLE was at a loss to interpret this, for he was never a student of the Lansing High School.

He descended a flight of stairs and came upon the dark corridors where many a romantic scene had been enacted, and we shudder to think what a host of crimes were there committed. A thousand ghostly whispers told of Freshmen whose heads had there come off through the strangest deportment; and the worthy Knight fancied he still heard Sir Humphrey lamenting the power of youth. Youth, Sir ORACLE says, means Young.

Next the noble pilgrim stepped within the court of the king. A symbolical statue still tells the ardent searcher of those that once have been. This statue Sir ORACLE has taken the trouble to describe. On the highest pedestal stands the King; just below is an emblem of adoration, the Lamb. On one side is a township Lot and on the other a Carrier pointing toward Holt. This is doubtless the greatest piece of allegorical statuary in existence.

As the Knight wandered through these historic halls he was filled with the spirit of Romance. He strolled from room to room; at last he came to one more dilapidated than the rest. As he peered about he suddenly saw a sight which terrified his soul and "made each

individual hair to stand on end like quills upon the fretful porcupine.” Lo and behold! A grinning death’s head peered from a niche in the wall. It seemed to motion and to beckon. At last he addressed it— “Oh form of death, why walk these halls and spread terror to the lonely swain who gazes on thy form.” Then the skeleton made answer, “I am the last of the Lansing High School football team, doomed for a certain term to walk the earth in expiation of my crimes done in my days of playing.” The good Knight stayed to hear no more and rushed forth from so unholy a place.

When he reached the open air, which seemed like an elixir of life after the atmosphere he had been breathing, he looked about for his Bucephalus which had disappeared upon the commons. How dejected was he! The noble animal that had borne him through the desert wastes and over the “Hog’s Back,” had flown like Pegasus of old and was no more to be seen. In his despair he cried, “A Donkey, a donkey, my knighthood for a donkey!” In answer to his prayer a long line of Juniors from the misty shades of the past paced by in solemn pomp, doubtless hastening to their future symposium. Sir ORACLE lost his nerve for a moment but soon regaining it, cried, “Most Holy Mother, I did not ask for many donkeys but only one.” At this they all disappeared and left the noble Knight alone. Knowing that necessity is the mother of invention he started again on his pilgrimage, on foot however, to visit the other tombs of learning throughout the land.

## The Pony.

Now there dwells a festive pony  
In a barn close by the school.  
He is gentle on occasion,  
Save when teachers try persuasion,  
When he makes them play the fool.

How he rears and charges round them,  
'Til their hair all straightened grows,  
Then with peace of mind he'll linger  
'Til the teacher's foremost finger  
Comes too close unto his nose.

Then with hair and tail uplifted  
But with hoofs that make no sound,  
Off he flies unto some haven  
Saying with the wily raven—  
“Never more will I be found.”

And the pony still is standing  
In his stall close by the school,  
Waiting for the well worn bridle  
That the Freshy weaves, when idle,  
Helping pony play the fool.

## Midnight Soliloquy.

To solve or not to solve, that is the question ;  
Whether 'tis nobler in the class to suffer  
The slings and arrows of courageous teachers  
Or to take arms against a sea of problems  
And by solution end them? To work, to sleep,  
No more, for 'tis by work alone we end.  
The zeros and the thousand scorching marks,  
The school boy's portion ; 'tis a consummation  
Devoutly to be wished. To solve, to sleep,  
To sleep ; but not to solve ; aye, there's the rub.

A FRESHMAN.



## Class Poem.

### "SCHOOL AND STATE."

In the twilight's dusky shadows  
Dreamily I seemed to see  
A broad highway, long and winding,  
That betokened mystery.  
There were forms majestic, stately,  
Coming from the distant Past,  
Ever hastening toward the future,  
While Time's mystic sway should last.

'Twas the world's great busy highway,  
Where each nation strove to gain  
The first rank among its rivals,  
And as monarch there to reign.  
Foremost was our glorious nation,  
Loved of all the brave and free,  
In advance of every other,  
Symbol of true liberty.

Strange it seemed that fair Columbia,  
Though so young was yet so strong,  
And in Freedom's path was leader  
Of that mighty surging throng.  
But I saw that she was aided  
By a noble learned youth,  
Who seemed filled with dauntless courage  
Ever seeking right and truth.

He was strong and ever faithful  
To his trust, through storm and strife;  
For to her he owed his welfare,  
Owed his love, his gifts, his life.  
In his early days of weakness,  
She had nourished him with care,  
Now he nobly helps her forward  
On the world's great thoroughfare.

And his name has grown familiar,  
Where'er Liberty doth rule,  
And unbounded is the influence  
Of the nation's Public School:  
Broad, beneficent and helpful  
Changing darkness into light,  
Holding high the torch of knowledge  
Like a beacon in the night.

In our nation's constant struggle  
With the foes of truth and right,  
Anarchy and crime united  
Make her tremble by their might.  
Yet she rules them strong, triumphant  
And her strength will not grow less  
While her citizens are loyal,  
Trained in truth and faithfulness.

Thus we see the priceless value  
Of the High School in our land.  
Every year it sends forth students  
Well equipped in brain and hand  
To be constant in their labors,  
True in peace and brave in strife,  
Laying on their country's altar  
Their devotion and their life.

Classmates, we are of that number ;  
Let us comprehend our trust,  
Let us feel that 'tis our duty  
To advance this cause so just :  
To extend the school's dominion,  
Not allow its strength to wane,  
For with Education's progress  
We a greater freedom gain.

Let us see the school and country  
Walking hand in hand through life,  
Comrades in the hour of glory  
Comrades in the hour of strife :  
Stronger than the ancient empires  
Stronger than man's fickle rule  
Make the union of the nation  
With our country's Public School.

In our years of school one lesson  
O'er and o'er again we've learned  
That without persistent labor  
Naught of value can be earned.  
In the school of life before us  
If *its* tasks we would fulfil  
Let us each retain the motto,  
“ Nothing without labor,” still.

FLORENCE ELOISE CHAMBERS.

# College Evening Classes,

## ALIAS FRATERNITY HOPS.

An essay by Joseph Addison that never appeared in the Spectator.

There is a certain undefinable relationship between college gentlemen and the young ladies of neighboring villages. The more horticultural the place of learning, the more anxious the ladies become to visit it, for the country and city there join in a romantic landscape which makes every one of the fair sex turn green with envy if she is not emerald colored before. But this earthly paradise sometimes loses its charms for the residents and it is whispered about that hen roosts and grape arbors in the neighborhood occasionally receive midnight visitors. The hens are picked when stolen, however, so that no tell-tale feathers ever appear.

The college students have organized certain classes within the last few years, which, by the number of so-called widows resulting, we should judge to be very beneficial. They have no special time for meeting, but the irregularities are made up by the length of classes for they have been known to last until the birds sing in the early morning.

The subjects studied are *practical* anatomy and chemistry. Theoretical anatomy is taken up by each individual after the class is over. Botany is so expensive a study that specimens are only allowed to a portion of the class. These are procured from greenhouses and are warranted to last for two classes if they come close enough together.

Finance is also discussed but this is usually kept out of the class room; each individual generally receives several free handwritten

*lectures* on this question which makes him fully understand the state of currency without lengthy personal discussions. Such remarks as "Lend me a quarter," or "I once had five dollars," are occasionally heard, however.

The fine art of dressing in style is also thought of and discussed in side talks but never enters the general discussion which is usually about the weather, the hack, a stroll, the owl, the frat, or something of less importance.

Usually an awkward squad is formed before classes in which young men are taught to toe out and keep their knees from bending too much. This squad never carries anything heavier than broom sticks. The exercise is most conducive to health and beauty of person.

The class when in session discusses music, the art of dancing, and the accomplishment of eating. The latter, in which the students learn how to use a spoon, takes life-long practice before a suitable indigestion is reached. The dance is the most beneficial and the most important portion of the session. Usually it is in twenty or thirty divisions. Between dances each lady drinks a glass of water, and sometimes they even find the cool open air beneficial after a heated discussion of the all important topic.

There was one thing that struck me the most forcibly of all, which was the fine arts display. By this I mean the living models who posed in many tragic shapes. One young lady reminded me of Venus de Milos, excepting that Venus didn't wear crinoline and a girdle.

After the class has held for a few hours, usually from 9 p. m. to 6 a. m., the session is closed by a grand finale in which all join. The day it closes is usually Saturday and the gentlemen hardly find time to rest up so that they can make their after-party calls Saturday night.

These classes are highly beneficial to all unlettered young ladies and no mother should allow her daughter to miss one. She gets valuable ideas in dress, dancing, the cultivation of the ear and heart and many other true accomplishments of the society of the day.

The evening class has been omitted in many college catalogues and for that reason we think it doing our superior college brethren a favor by publishing this article. We sincerely hope that the classes of the



future may continue to grow and we are sure they will, for this year the expense for hacks has been greatly decreased, as street cars now run to the grounds, and it has been noticed that they receive more patronage than the more costly but gloomy vehicle.

It has also been noticed that some of the gentlemen have a propensity for walking home in the wee hours of the morning to the great disshiniment of patent leather shoes.

Many of the young ladies who attend these classes are rapidly finishing their High School courses and the air of the college is known to be very conducive to their studies. And in closing I would advise all fathers to give their boys at least two dollars a year for these classes when they get to college, and all mothers we would advise to stay at home and let their daughters go without chaperons.

## Class History.

“All the world's a stage and all the men and women merely players.”

Moreover the actors in the great drama of life are also spectators of the scenes which are constantly being enacted by their associates. Thus it has ever been; and though an infinite number of plays have been enacted since the great stage was created yet the interest has never waned.

The variety of action has been as great as the number, since in some the series of events has been short, stormy, and deeply tragic; in others slow, dull, uneventful and of little influence; while yet others—alas, how few!—have been filled with joyous, mirthful changes.

To-night we wish to direct the attention of the audience toward the drama which the “Company of '96” has been earnestly working out during the past four years.

Following the Shakesperian style, it consists of distinct acts, in this case four, each of which has its definite purpose in the drama. The Company, consisting of one hundred and twenty-five anxious amateurs, was organized by a Young but competent stage manager. We remember distinctly with what loudly beating hearts and thoughtful faces they marched into Lansing's Temple of Learning as the curtain arose for their first rehearsal on a bright September day in the year eighteen hundred ninety-two.

During the early part of the first act, it was very noticeable that each member felt the responsibility of his undertaking and also that all suffered more or less from stage fright. But as the frequent rehearsals became more and more monotonous, the stage fright wore

away and only returned when the amateurs entered the presence of those more skilled in the profession. Many times when the parts assigned were particularly hard the manager feared that the drama might develop into a tragedy. And even now as we look upon this masterpiece in its completion, we are at a loss to know just how to classify it, since throughout its entire course we are entranced by the pleasing variety of action: now it seems to be a genuine comedy, then a dark, deep tragedy, and at times one would think it had degenerated into a mere farce. The independent spirit of the "Company of '96" was manifested by their early decision, embodied in the classical phrase, "We paddle our own canoe;" but after two years of hard work we find them somewhat less conceited and ready to agree that there is "Nothing without labor."

The first act fulfills its purpose so nicely that at its close it is very easy to prophesy who will become stars in the profession. Meanwhile the members of the company had advanced so greatly that at the opening of the second act a large number determined to take the tragic role of Caesar, while the others attempted less difficult parts. It was very discernible that the actors and actresses who had attempted the part of Caesar continually wore a serious and troubled look. This was caused by the close study of the character that was necessary in giving it the correct interpretation.

The company, having spent the entire year in earnest work, decided to pass one day together in pleasure before they disbanded for their usual summer vacation. The members laid aside their stage manners and Leadley's Park rang all day with shouts of their merriment. Some gaily whiling away the time under the beautiful trees, others taking, like proverbial ducks, to the water. At the opening of the third act, the former stage manager, Young as ever, again assumed charge of the company which advanced greatly under her supervision.

The audience were very much interested in determining just where the culmination to this wonderful drama occurred; but to all who gave the matter careful study, it was very evident that the Junior Exhibition was the turning point in the play, since all seemed to act their parts with more enthusiasm from this point.

The "Company of '96" took great pride in composing a drama in which no ponies were needed on the stage; but having knowledge of a certain company—a rival known as '95—under the same director, who were giving a production in which a pony was indispensable, the members of magnanimous '96 decided to show their generosity by presenting their rivals with a very valuable one—a gift which we hope was fully appreciated.

The remainder of the act was very well presented, and as the curtain fell at the close, everyone looked forward anxiously to the last, and in some respects, to the most important act. Great stress was placed upon this part of the play, as it would decide to some extent the future of the members; and the stage manager, realizing that '96 would do better work if they were not troubled by any Junior company, placed them upon a stage by themselves.

Although the members were very busy with the work in their prescribed course of training, yet they decided that it would be of countless value to them to spend every third Friday evening throughout the year in studying a few of the best productions of the great minds of England, France, Italy, Germany and America. One of these stated evenings when the ground was white with snow, the temptation to take a ride out to the "dales" was too great to be resisted; and all enjoyed it immensely, although it is barely possible that their minds were not benefited to a very great degree.

The "Company of '96," deeming their dramatic production worthy of preservation, selected a few of their most able members to put it into book form, and we are certain that the ORACLE will, as its name suggests, contain much valuable information which no one can afford to lose.

And now as the prompter Time rings down the curtain upon the final act of our little drama, we feel confident that each will go forth stronger and better fitted to take his part in the great drama of life, in proportion as he has done faithfully and well the part assigned him on this mimic stage.

OLIVE E. CLEMENT.

## “And a Little Child Shall Lead Them.”

It was New Year's, a cold sunshiny day. The snow had fallen the night before, and everything was now clothed in white.

Arthur Kendal sat alone in his room, with the door partly opened. He had determined to finish a law course in two and a half years instead of four, the usual number. Although a greater part of the students of Gilmore College had returned to their homes for their holiday vacation, he, wishing to complete his course before returning home, had remained at the college during the holidays.

He studied too much, and was too quiet and reserved to suit the other students. At first, some tried to draw him out and persuade him to join their society; but their efforts were all in vain. He never seemed one of them, and while others were sleeping, he was poring over some important law book. His pale face and the few silver threads here and there in his dark brown hair told only too plainly of his overwork. His dark eyes, which at times seemed almost black, had a sad expression.

Although he was doing exceedingly well in his studies, he was not satisfied; he longed for something which he did not possess. At times he grew restless and tried to shake off this feeling by studying even more than usual. Oppressed by a great sense of his loneliness, he would often take long walks, and come back only to fight the same battle over again.

As he sat there alone in the almost deserted building, thinking of the past and also wondering what the New Year had in store for him, he heard voices in the corridor.

Mrs. Howard, the wife of one of the professors, having recently



moved there, lived near Gilmore College and had brought her friend, Mrs. Reed and baby Dorothy, who were spending the holidays with her, over to show her through the different buildings.

Dorothy was a sweet faced little child, with large brown eyes and light golden hair. She seemed to love everyone, and took all hearts by storm with her sweet, quaint little ways. As she was passing the door, she peeped in and spied Arthur Kendal sitting very still, with his head bowed. Little wonder then, that, after stepping softly into the room, she said with a sorrowful expression on her baby face, "You must be lonesome here all alone, I's sorry for you."

He smiled sadly, stooped and tenderly lifted the baby form in his arms. This pleased the little one and she threw her tiny arms around his neck, kissed him softly and said, "I love you *lots* and *lots* I do, you poor all alone man; but you won't be alone any more now, for I's going to ask my mamma to let me tum over and see you every day."

"Well, well, now I shall enjoy that immensely, little one, and so you love me, do you? Well, I'm glad of that too, and what is my little girl's name."

"Dorothy Reed. Isn't that a nice name?"

The child did not know that she had caused his heart to beat faster at the name Dorothy, nor did she at first notice how very still he sat. But as he did not answer at once, she feared he did not like the name; but thought he surely ought to, for so many had told her how pretty it was. So, looking up at him, with a disappointed expression on her little round face, she said: "Why! don't you like it?"

A faint smile crossed his lips at the child's question, and then he said, slowly and sadly, more to himself than to her: "Yes; Dorothy is a sweet name, a sweet name."

"Well," and she heaved a little sigh of content, "I's glad you like it: but what makes you so still? Why don't you laugh and talk to me some *more*?"

He now roused himself from his reverie, and laughingly said, "Well, what a stupid fellow I am! What shall I do to entertain my little guest?"

“Oh! won’t you please tell me a nice story?” and she gave him a hug and another kiss. The child had already touched the heart of the lonely man, and he was willing to do his best to amuse her; so he began to tell her a story, as she wished.

It was nearly dark, and Mrs. Reed said to her sister, who sat sewing by the window, “Louise, I guess you would better go for Dorothy after all; she doesn’t seem to come, and it is supper-time. We left her at the College with a young man that she seemed to fancy; he may bring her home, but I think we won’t wait any longer.”

One story had been finished and another just begun, when Dorothy, hearing footsteps in the hall, said, “I guess my antie is a tuming after me.” Louise, hearing her voice, walked into the room and took one step towards the child, just as Arthur Kendal looked up.

“Yes, there she is,” cried the child. A happy smile broke over Arthur’s pale face when he saw who it really was standing there. He started up and cried joyfully,—

“Dorothy!”

“Arthur!”

She started towards him, stopped, and stood very still; for she feared she was mistaken, and that there was only surprise in his tone, after all. Her thoughts came thick and fast. Was it really true? Did he still love her? She turned pale, fearing she knew not what as she saw him, standing as still as herself.

He misunderstood her silence and thinking of the happiness that a moment ago he had thought his, but which had now vanished, as he supposed, he cried out in the agony of his heart, “Oh, God! am I mistaken again, after all?”

This roused her from her thoughts and, in her distress, she almost screamed “No;” and was soon at his side. He folded the sobbing form close to his breast and tenderly kissed the sweet face, as he silently thanked God that she was his own at last—at last.

Baby Dorothy hardly knew what to make of it all. She was not used to being so entirely ignored, and did not like it. Tears stood in the big brown eyes and she was just about to cry, as Arthur, catch-

ing sight of the sorrowful little face, said, "Dearest, we have forgotten the baby."

"Yes, and we owe it *all* to her, too; how wicked of us to forget her;" and she picked her up tenderly and kissed away the tears that had started to run down the little cheeks. The child, now laughing, slyly looked into Arthur's smiling face and said, "You love my Aunt Dorothy Louise too, don't you? I's awssel glad, for she's so good to me."

"Yes little one, I do love her 'lots and lots,' and she is going to be my wife; what do you think of that?"

"Well," and she looked first at one and then at the other, "I likes that for I love you bof and I'll tum and stay with you sometimes, won't I auntie?"

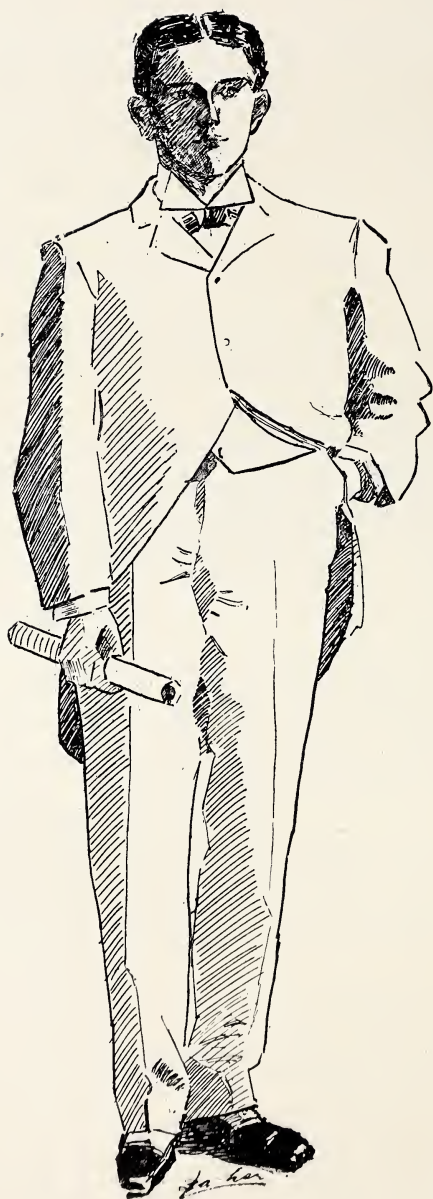
"Of course you will, my darling," and she kissed the smiling face.

"I's getting hungry, I is, let's go home."

Arthur lifted the child in his arms and with Dorothy at his side, they started home. "And a little child shall lead them."

HATTIE B. REYNOLDS,

CHICAGO.





President,	-	-	-	-	-	-	AUSTIN BURDICK
Vice-President,	-	-	-	-	-	-	LENA BAILEY
Secretary,	-	-	-	-	-	-	HALLA COOK
Treasurer,	-	-	-	-	-	-	HARRY TERWILLIGER

## The Seniors.

Calla Walla Wah! Wah!

Calla Walla Wix!

Lansing High School '96.

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Motto: "*Nihil sine Labore.*"

Colors: Light green and white.

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Why need mention be made of the Seniors? Are they not known far and wide? From the timorous cowering Freshie to the mightiest member of the Faculty, and is not their name an inspiration to both the small and the great? Yea verily! It inspires the one to tears



of envy, and the other to much disgust and weary hours of reflection on what might have been were the Seniors not as they are.

Notwithstanding the taunts of the weary world and the bitter Juniors, the Class of '96 has lived and thrived during the past year. It has carried everything forward with characteristic energy and enthusiasm. Expressions of wonder and amazement have daily been uttered by teachers and under-classmen in regard to the astonishing and forcible manner in which those incomparable Seniors accomplished their translations of Maria Stuart and Virgil; their stolen conversations in the dark corridors or their battlets in class-meetings.

Those class-meetings! Will they ever be effaced from the memory of any who participated in them? As tranquil as the roaring ocean when its waves in their fury seem to smite the dark expanse of quivering sky. As quiet as the hoarse, rolling voice of the forest as it moans and grumbles when its gigantic pines and oaks are lashed by the terrific power of the angry hurricane. But this unusual tranquillity and quiet will not be without its effects, for here orators of the future made their juvenile attempts toward extemporaneous speaking. And when in coming years we proudly read of the oratorical fame of our fellow classmen, Bement, Dale, Burnett or may-haps Appleyard, we will turn back in memory's fond records to the palmy days of '96's good old class-meetings.

The wearers of the white and green may be classified under three divisions: regular members, post-graduates, and those whose graduation was postponed. But all work together in perfect harmony (that is, when they are not quarreling) and they are ever ready to sympathize with one another in the dark test-hour. How plainly this was shown during the gloomy days which followed the arithmetic examination in April! Three days of terrible suspense had been endured ere the standings were announced, and in the meantime the classical features of the Seniors expressed the deepest anxiety and care. Of course, none shed bitter tears on their own account but because of their solicitude on behalf of their classmates. However, the unequaled '96's will probably tell you it is mere child's play to pass a teacher's exam. in arithmetic.

This illustrious class organization will soon be a thing of the past ; but since the old teaching is that “ we are remembered by the good we have done,” ’96 need never fear the sad fate of being forgotten. Even the teachers will remember this class as one whose equal they had not seen before (and hope never to again).

## The Senior.

He walks in scornful dignity,  
Ignores the years before,  
The present a sufficiency  
This lofty Senior.

To praise a lower classman's act  
He treason counts, or more.  
For who can equal or surpass  
This noble Senior?

He prates of Physics, History,  
He orates—what a bore—  
On “Why the World's not Otherwise,”  
This learned Senior.

His place of honor none usurp,  
Mortals and gods adore  
The Ruler of the Universe,  
This mighty Senior.

BESSIE C. RONAN.

## Class of '96 According to Shakespeare.

GLEN ABBOTT:

“I fear he will prove a weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of melancholy sadness in his youth.”

GRACE ALSDORF:

“There’s little of the melancholy element in her; she is never sad but when she sleeps and not even sad then, for I have heard that she hath often dreamed of unhappiness and waked herself with laughing.”

LOUIS APPELYARD:

“He has a lean and hungry look.”

LENA BAILEY:

“Who chooses me shall get as much as he deserves.”

LU BAKER:

“She hath prosperous art. When she will play with reason and discourse, well she can persuade.”

BESSIE BARRINGER:

“She hath blessed and attractive eyes;  
How came her eyes so bright?”

FRANK BEMENT:

“That is a brave man! He writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths and breaks them bravely.”

AUSTIN BURDICK:

“He is an honest, willing, kind fellow and I warrant you no tell tale. His worse fault is that he is given to prayer; he is something peevish that way.”

HARRY BURNETT :

“ Ah, he is young; but a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authentic in his place and person; generally allowed for his many warlike, courtlike and learned preparations.”

MINNIE BUSH :

“ Oh when she is angry she is keen and shrewd.  
She was a vixen when she went to school,  
And though she be but little she is fierce.”

ELOISE CHAMBERS :

“ Well we know your tenderness of heart.”

NELLIE CLARK :

“ She’s a fair lady; I do spy some marks of love in her.”

OLIVE CLEMENT :

“ I am all the daughters of my father’s house and all the brothers too.”

HALLA COOK :

“ For she is wise, if I can judge of her,  
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true,  
And true she is as she hath proved herself.”

WILL COOK :

“ I am no breeching scholar in the schools,  
I’ll not be tied to hours nor ’pointed times,  
But learn my lessons as I please myself.”

ARTHUR DAIL :

“ In that name doth Nature speak.”

MAE DONNELLY :

“ She’ll not be hit with Cupid’s arrows,  
She hath Dian’s wit.”



KATE DuBois:

“ You are called plain Kate,  
And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the crust;  
But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,  
Kate of Kate Hall; my superb dainty Kate,  
For dainties are all Kates and therefore, Kate,  
Take this of me, Kate, for Kate of my consolation.”

MAMIE ELLIS:

“ I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow than a man swear he loves me.”

NELLIE EVANS:

“ Pleasant without scurrility, witty without affectation, audacious without impudency, learned without opinions, and strange without heresy.”

WALTER FOSTER:

“ A Daniel, a Daniel! yea, a Daniel; oh, wise young man, how I do honor thee.”

THORNE FULTON:

“ He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one; exceeding wise, fair spoken and persuading, lofty and sour to them that loved him not; but to those men that sought him sweet as summer.”

CORAL HAVENS:

“ A spirit never bold; of spirit so still and quiet that her motion blushed at herself.”

FLORENCE HEDGES:

“ So cunning and so wise is wonderful.”

INEZ HIGGINS:

“ In dignity and for the liberal arts,  
Without a parallel.”

PEARL HILL:

“ She hath a pleasing eye, a merry spirit, and her every motion speaks of grace.”

PEARL HOWE:

“You lay out too much pains,  
For purchasing but trouble.”

CLAUDE HUMPHREY:

“His heart and hand both open and both free,  
For when he has he gives,—what thinks he shows.”

MAUD LAROSE:

“I pray thee gentle mortal sing again,  
Mine ear is much enamored with thy note,  
So is my eye enthralled unto thy shape.”

VIRGINIA LUDHOLZ:

“I have a man’s mind but a woman’s might.”

BERTHA MALONE:

“Man is a giddy thing and this is my conclusion.”

THOMAS MARSHALL:

“I think there’s ne’er a man in Christendom,  
Can lesser hide his love or hate than he.”

BELLE MCHENRY:

“She is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition.”

SYLVIA NEWMAN:

“What light is light, if Sylvia be not seen?  
What joy is joy, if Sylvia be not by?”

MARGARET POWERS:

“I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all  
assaults of affection.”

MABEL RICHARDSON:

“And yet, good faith, I wish myself a man, or that we women  
had men’s privilege of speaking first.”

HARRIET ROBSON:

“Pretty and witty, wild and yet too gentle.”

ANNA ROSS:

“With eyes wide open,—  
A living drollery.”

FRANCIS RUSSELL:

“A very good piece of work I assure you and a merry.”

NELLIE SKINNER:

“She is not forward but modest as the dove. For patience she will prove a second Griselda.”

ROSE SIMON:

“Come, woo me, woo me, for now I am in a holiday humor and like enough to consent. What would you say to me now and I were your very, very Rosalind.”

HARRY TERWILLIGER:

“His life was gentle and the elements  
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up  
And say to all the world, this was a man.”

BERTHA THOMAN:

“She hath many nameless virtues.”

MAE VOORHEES:

“There’s language in her eye, her cheek, her lip;  
Nay, her foot speaks, her wanton spirit looks out  
At every joint and motion of her body.”

CONSTANCE WARD:

“I have immortal longings in me.”

BERTHA WEMPLE:

“Those about her, from her shall read the perfect ways of honor.”

## Our Former Class Officers.



### Freshman Year.

President, - - - WALTER S. FOSTER  
Vice-President, - HARRIETT I. ROBSON  
Treasurer, - - - CLINTON C. COLLINS  
Secretary, - - - MAUDE HOPKINS.



### Sophomore Year.

President, - - - AUSTIN F. BURDICK  
Vice-President, - FLORENCE E. REYNOLDS  
Treasurer, - - - E. DWIGHT SANDERSON  
Secretary, - - - FLORENCE HEDGES.



### Junior Year.

President, - - - FRANK H. BEMENT  
Vice-President, - FLORENCE E. REYNOLDS  
Treasurer, - - - HARRY A. BURNETT  
Secretary, - - - VIRGINIA E. LODHOLZ.

# Our Junior Exhibition.

On March  
school year  
that we,  
clu

**WAS A GREAT ENTERTAINMENT.**  
**That Given by the High School Juniors**  
**at Baird's Last Night.**

the  
Juni  
some  
that we  
“appear in  
the stage”—  
rhyme goes. Were  
those exalted per  
ages—the Seniors—  
well as our lower class-  
men, in the very fever of  
expectancy, as to what  
“those Juniors, bless ‘em (?)”  
were going to have? Yes, it  
must be admitted, there was a  
very queer sensation in our throats,  
when the curtain rose that eventful  
eve and we saw such a large audience

22, 1895, occurred the event of the  
—the Junior Ex. It was then,  
Juniors of the past, proved con-  
sively that we *could* do some-  
thing.

For in spite of all our talk  
and satisfied assurances of  
what “we would do,”  
should we ever attain  
happy state of  
orship—we felt  
trepidation now  
must really  
public on  
as the old  
not  
son-  
as

“The mishaps of Reuben Green” by Earl  
Pitt, told the story of his beginning at the  
high school, and was so full of hits that it  
kept the house sang very pleasantly. Miss  
Maud Larose sang very pleasantly. Robyn’s  
“Answer,” and was given an encore. “Court-  
ship under difficulties,” by Miss Rose Simons,  
well received.  
The feature of the evening was the presenta-  
tion of “My turn next,” a farce in one act.  
The following was the cast:  
Taraxicum Twitters, a village assistant  
Tim Bolus his professional assistant  
Tom Trap, a commercial traveler  
Farmer Wheatear  
Lydia, Twitters’ wife  
Peggy, Twitters’ maid  
keeper  
Ed. McGrath  
Frank Bement  
Allan H. Stone  
Leslie Manne  
Maud Hopkins  
Hattie Robinson  
Minnie Bush

before



us. But thanks to the untiring efforts of teachers and pupils alike, we scored a great success and were able to congratulate ourselves upon a two-hundred-dollar bank account as well.

And, besides that,—but we would not appear vain, let the “Republican’s” estimate of our Ex. tell the story instead.

### Seniores Roomorum.

Talkibus allēre loudis et longa,  
Soundibus theuēre terribilis gongā  
Youngibus scoldere ; silentis profunda !  
Endibus soonere—whisperis aboundā.

# Class Day of '96.



AT METHODIST CHURCH.

Monday, June 15, 1896.



## PROGRAM.

Invocation.

Music, - - - - - Methodist Orchestra

President's Address, - - - - - Austin Burdick

Class History, - - - - - Olive Clement

Music, - - - - - Methodist Orchestra

An X-Ray Experiment, - - - - - Florence Hedges

Class Poem,—High School and State, - - -  
Florence E. Chambers

Music, - - - - - Methodist Orchestra

# Class Banquet

✻ ✻ At Elks' Hall.

June 16, 1896.

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"Hunger is a cloud out of which falls a rain of  
eloquence and knowledge."

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## MENU.

Chicken, a la Royale	Cold Beef Tongue
Tomato Sauce	
Pickles	Olives
Potato Croquettes	Rissoles, with Mushrooms
Orange Salad, with Nuts	
Ice Cream	Cake
Coffee	

# ... TOASTS ...

FRANK H. BEMENT, - - Toastmaster.

"Little, but O! my!"

Class of '96, . . . . . Austin Burdick  
 "Nihil sine Labore."

The Minority, . . . . . Grace Alsdorf  
 "Whatever is, is right."

The Faculty. . . . . Louis Appleyard  
 "Fame has sometimes created something out of nothing."

Child Study, . . . . . Mr. Hoyt  
 "Childhood shows the man, as morning shows the day."

Wheels, . . . . . Minnie Bush  
 "Not here, not there, but everywhere."

The Oracle, . . . . . Harry Burnett  
 "Deceived  
 By the sweet utterances of Oracle,  
 Men rest secure, until at last, too late,  
 They find themselves betrayed."

π . . . . . Mr. Smith  
 "Said Simple Simon to the pieman—  
 Let me taste your ware."

The Dear Departing, . . . . . Harriett Robson  
 "'Tis grievous, parting with good company."

The Leap Year Girl, . . . . . Claude Humphrey  
 "And when a lady 's in the case  
 You know all other things give place."

Auld Lang Syne, . . . . . Miss Sloan  
 "Should auld acquaintance be forgot."

The New Man, . . . . . Maude Larose  
 "A man 's a man for a' that."

Au Revoir, . . . . . William Cook  
 "Say au revoir, but not good bye."

Finis.  
 "All 's well that ends well."

FINAL ORATIONS  
OF THE  
*GRADUATING CLASS*  
AT THE  
LANSING HIGH SCHOOL.



Orations for Friday, May 15.

Liberty,	Bertha Wemple
Value of English in the Public School,	Constance Ward
Turning Points in French History,	May Voorhees
Music,	Elton Esselstyn
Nemesis,	Elizabeth Thoman
Conventional Dishonesty,	Francis Russell
Friendship,	Nellie Skinner
Music,	George Curtiss
Use and Abuse of Money,	Anna Ross
Woman's Work,	Rose Simon
Louis Kossuth,	Harry Terwilliger
Music,	Maude Larose

Orations for Friday, May 22.

The New Man,	Harriett Robson
The Character of Queen Elizabeth,	Sylvia Newman



Unseen Powers,	Virginia Lodholz
Music,	Frank Lemon
The Importance of Literature,	Margaret Powers
Shall Women Vote ?	Mabel Richardson
The Power of Music,	Maude Larose
Music,	Mrs. Edmonds
The Cost of Independence,	Belle McHenry
Voices of the World,	Thomas Marshall
Music,	Anna MacNeil

#### Orations for Thursday, May 28.

The New Education,	Pearl Howe
What Are Women Made Of ?	Coral Havens
Music,	Leslie Manne
Bimetalism,	Claude Humphrey
Influence,	Nellie Evans
Criticism,	Pearl Hill
Music,	Howard Truxel
The Search for the Holy Grail,	Inez Higgins
The Foreign Policy of the United States,	Walter Foster

#### Orations for Friday, June 5.

A Noble Unrest,	Mamie Ellis
Liberal Education,	Will Cook
Music,	Miss Hasty
The Use of English,	Kate DuBois
The Railroad Question,	Louis Appleyard
Bayard Taylor,	Mae Donnelly
Music,	Anna MacNeil
The Compulsory Education Law,	Minnie Bush
The Preservation of Forest Trees,	Harry Burnett
Duty,	Halla Cook
The Nation,	Arthur Dail

Orations for Friday, June 12.

The New Woman,	Nellie Clark
The Function of Education,	Glen Abbott
Music,	Laura Hull
The Power of Thought,	Lou Baker
Fiction,	Bessie Barringer
Decision,	Grace Alsdorf
Music,	Dwight Robson
The Bright Side of Life,	Lena Bailey
Is Our Civilization Degenerating?	Frank Bement
Music,	Maude Larose

# Commencement Exercises

AT

BAIRD'S OPERA HOUSE.



**Wednesday Evening, June 17, '96**

At 8 o'clock.

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## PROGRAM

Anthem—"O Lord, How Manifold Are Thy Works."	Barnby
Invocation,	Rev. E. B. Allen
"Bridal Chorus"—Lohengrin,	Wagner
Oration—"Principle vs. Popularity,"	Bertha Malone
Oration—"Our First American,"	Thorne Fulton
"The Soldiers' Chorus"—Faust,	Gounod
Address—"Our Inheritance,"	Hon. H. R. Pattengill
Solo—"A Leaf from the Spray,"	Howard Truxel

### PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS,

C. J. Davis, President of the Board of Education.

Class Song.

America.

Benediction.

---

Music by St. Paul's Choir, W. F. Zimmermann, Mus. B., Choir Master.

Fred Miner

Died

November 23, 1895.

May Hodges

Died

December 24, 1895.



## '96 Class Song.

Stands the welcome world before us,  
Like a flower that blooms forever,  
And the sunny sky is o'er us,  
As the youthful bonds we sever.

### CHORUS—

Fare thee well, Oh, happy school days,  
Days that we must leave forever;  
Happy in our living present,  
We can bless the days departed,  
Days that seem so strangely pleasant  
As the binding link is parted.  
Fare thee well, Oh, happy school days,  
Days that we must leave forever.

Like an isle with dreamy breezes,  
Seems the life that we are leaving,  
But we view life's wide spread ocean,  
Never sad with time for grieving.

Now we launch upon life's ocean,  
With the hopeful breezes blowing,  
Helping o'er that stormy ocean,  
That is ever round us flowing.

## Seniors.

GRACE ALSDORF <i>S</i>	FLORENCE HEDGES <i>L</i>
GLEN L. ABBOTT <i>E</i>	PEARL HILL <i>S</i>
LOUIS L. APPELYARD <i>E</i>	CLAUDE S. HUMPHREY <i>E</i>
LENA A. BAILEY <i>S</i>	M. PEARLE HOWE <i>S</i>
LUCELIA DAVIS BAKER <i>S</i>	INEZ CONSTANCE HIGGINS <i>E</i>
B. ELIZABETH BARRINGER <i>S</i>	VIRGINIA E. LODHOLZ <i>E</i>
FRANK H. BEMENT <i>S</i>	M. MAUDE LAROSE <i>E</i>
AUSTIN FREDERICK BURDICK <i>L</i>	ISABELLE LUCILE McHENRY <i>L</i>
HARRY A. BURNETT <i>S</i>	THOMAS METLIN MARSHALL <i>S</i>
MINNIE ANNETTE BUSH <i>S</i>	BERTHA EVELYN MALONE <i>L and S</i>
FLORENCE ELOISE CHAMBERS <i>E</i>	SYLVIA MARIE NEWMAN <i>S</i>
NELLIE BLANCHE CLARK <i>E</i>	MARGARET E. POWERS <i>E</i>
OLIVE ELIZABETH CLEMENT <i>S</i>	HARRIET IRVING ROBSON <i>L</i>
HALLA EDITH COOKE <i>S</i>	MABEL MAY RICHARDSON <i>E</i>
WILLIAM J. COOK <i>E</i>	ANNA JANE ROSS <i>E</i>
ARTHUR H. DAIL <i>S</i>	FRANCES FLINT RUSSELL <i>L</i>
MAE F. DONNELLY <i>E</i>	ROSE JEANNETTE SIMON <i>S</i>
CATHERINE E. DUBOIS <i>E</i>	AMELIA NELLIE SKINNER <i>S</i>
MAMIE E. ELLIS <i>L</i>	BERTHA ELIZABETH THOMAN <i>S</i>
NELLA A. EVANS <i>E</i>	HARRY S. TERWILLIGER <i>S</i>
WILLIAM THORNE FULTON <i>E and G</i>	MAY H. VOORHEES <i>L</i>
WALTER S. FOSTER <i>S</i>	CONSTANCE GLEN WARD <i>E</i>
CORAL RUTH HAVENS <i>L</i>	BERTHA C. WEMPLE <i>E</i>

*L* Latin.    *S* Scientific.    *E* English.    *G* German.





President,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	GEORGE FIELDS
Vice President,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	CLARA GOWER
Secretary,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	JUNE DAVIS
Treasurer,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	ERVY LAROSE

## The Juniors.

Ninety-seven! Ninety-seven!  
 Rah! Rah! Race!  
 Enenekonta Hepta  
 Philomatheis!

---

Colors: Lavender and White.

---

What class is that of haughty mien,  
 Which takes no pains its love to screen,  
 And oft has helped to sing the praise  
 The world for '96 doth raise?  
 The Junior, ah, the Junior!

What class can count within its lines  
So "many men of many minds"—  
And yet in peace and harmony  
Preserve its perfect symmetry?  
Juniors, only Juniors!

Who are those youths, with hats of gray,  
From Quaker-town stray'd far away?  
Some say they're track team lunatics,  
But common sense here contradicts;  
They're Juniors, foolish Juniors!

Who are those maids who vengeful rose,  
'Though clad not in new woman's clothes,  
Yet asked their rights, and as a treat  
The privilege of taking Greek?  
They're Juniors, classic Juniors!

Who are those youths who have such fame  
In matching pennies,—to their shame—  
And seldom let a chance go by  
To sport a little, on the sly?  
Juniors, mostly Juniors!

'Tis said they are a fearless crowd,  
'Though with much wit and fun endow'd.  
They dared not roast us in their Ex.,  
*Who* told us this, their class to vex?  
A Junior, yes, a Junior!



## The Junior Ex. According to the Juniors.

This year has been an eventful one, for the Junior Ex., the crowning event of the year, passed off with the full splendor of an Oriental feast.

The Greeting was a marvel of pleasantries and showed the effect of higher culture. The orations displayed the power of Demosthenes and the versatility of Cicero, while the declamation was a crowning success in elocution.

The Greek Symposium showed as if in the mazes of a dream the beautiful lady members of the Class of '97. Wit, humor and flowery speeches, soft tones and the gentle ripple of flowing wine told of the joys of the forgotten ages. The Seniors could not help but look on in wonder and admiration as they beheld themselves surpassed by their under-classmen.

But the second part even excelled the first, for all the power and pathos of the Drama shone forth in the new and unequalled play "Aunt Charlotte's Maid." Booth and Barrett's interpretation was carefully studied by the actors and as a result the strong cast of six characters created a profound effect. Tears flowed in the tragic places and there was not a youth in the audience that did not feel deep sympathy for the Hero, Horatio Thomas Sparkins. This character is fated to take a position in the history of the Drama along side of Joseph Jefferson's Rip Van Winkle.

From the first speech till the curtain fell the interest never flagged and every Junior felt that success was sweet as honey. As Juniors, we feel confident that the maximum has been reached and that the Class of '98 will never be able to surpass the Junior Ex. given by '97.

## The Junior Ex. According to the Seniors.

The L. H. S. is a bounser; that is, so the Juniors think, and those august personages know that the Junior Ex. is of more importance than Commencement. Of course, Commencement is a good thing to get rid of the Seniors, but the Ex. doesn't even rid us of those Juniors, but instead we have to hear for the rest of the year about the gorgeous Symposium that they had.

The Juniors very wisely, being in love with triangles, divided their program into three parts. The first wasn't very startling. A little airy fairy girl with a will-o'-the-wisp lisp told us how glad papa and the Juniors were to see the people.

Next a fellow with wind-mill appendages gave us a startling and soul-stirring oration that thrilled the expectant multitude until they howled, "Lend me not thy ears."

Among the star attractions was a selection that got out of its grave during the resurrection before the flood. The owl-eyed gentleman who recited his woes to us as if we were Mormons, filled the bill, which, fortunately wasn't very large.

After some more eloquence, maximus, plurimus, exquisitus, the curtain fell for the first time.

But, oh, wonder of wonders, when the curtain arose the second time a gorgeous sight met our eyes. A lot of the Junior damsels with beautiful (?) arms and swan-like (?) necks were seated in a row about a luscious dish of colored water. Shakespeare, could he but have seen them, would surely have written a comedy, entitled, "The Costumes of Paradise Alley." Doubtless many a mother sighed for the worn-out table cloths which these fashionable Grecians found convenient

for their costumes. One thing of value we learned about Greek matrons, however, namely, that they used cosmetics.

Penelope Cook, Aspasia Lyon, and Entychis Hayden gave us examples of their oratory which sounded as if Lucy S. was afraid of the ORACLE and shied out.

But at last there was an eclipse of the moon and all the night-ingales got hoarse for Sappho (pronounced Sap-o), the poetess, sung us a selection from the groanings of Hades. At last the curtain fell and immediately the audience applauded.

But the third part was the farce, the typical part in fact. Six lonely creatures acted a tragedy which is only equaled by Hamlet. A nervous young gentleman, a conceited old man and an Okemos girl took part in standing around and the rest of the company took part in standing around.

But it was fine. In fact it highly amused the people. Considering the class, we don't wonder at it. But the Juniors, we hope, will improve with age, God bless 'em.

## Juniors.

LOUISE ALSDORF

ALTA ANDREWS

CORA ARNEY

MARY BAILEY

WILL BAILEY

BERT BAKER

BRUCE BEAMER

MINNIE BECKWITH

BESSIE BEDFORD

HENRIETTA BETZ

BLANCHE BIRCHARD

MARY BRAYTON

LELAND BRIGGS

OLIVE BRISBIN

GEORGE BROWN

ARTHUR BRUIN

EVA BURDICK

CLAUDE CADY

MAY CAMPBELL

ROY CHAPIN

MARTIN CLIPPERT

HERBERT COOK

ZOE COOK

JUNE DAVIS

MARY DAVIS

SIBYL DAVIS

SUSIE DAVIS

MAMIE DELL

MARY DICKSON

ARTHUR DODGE

LUELLA DRIGGS

GRACE FERLE

GEORGE FIELD

ZOE FREEMAN

JAY FRENCH

GEORGE FULLER

MAY FULLER

GRACE GARNER

CLARA GOWER

GERMOND GRAHAM

JUDA GROSS

AGNES HAYDEN

RALPH HASTY

STEWART HILL

ROY HOYT

BRUCE HOWE

BETH HUME

BESSIE HURD

PERLEY JONES

ETTA KING

WILL KNIGHT

ARMEDA LONDON

MARION LANG

ERVY LAROSE

MARK LUDWICK

ADA LYON

JOHN MARTIN

BURR MCCURDY  
EDWARD MCGRATH  
FRANK MCKIBBIN  
THOMAS MEARS  
RALPH MILLER

STANLEY MONTGOMERY  
FLORENCE MOON  
NINA MOORE  
MARY MORRISSEY  
KATE MORSE

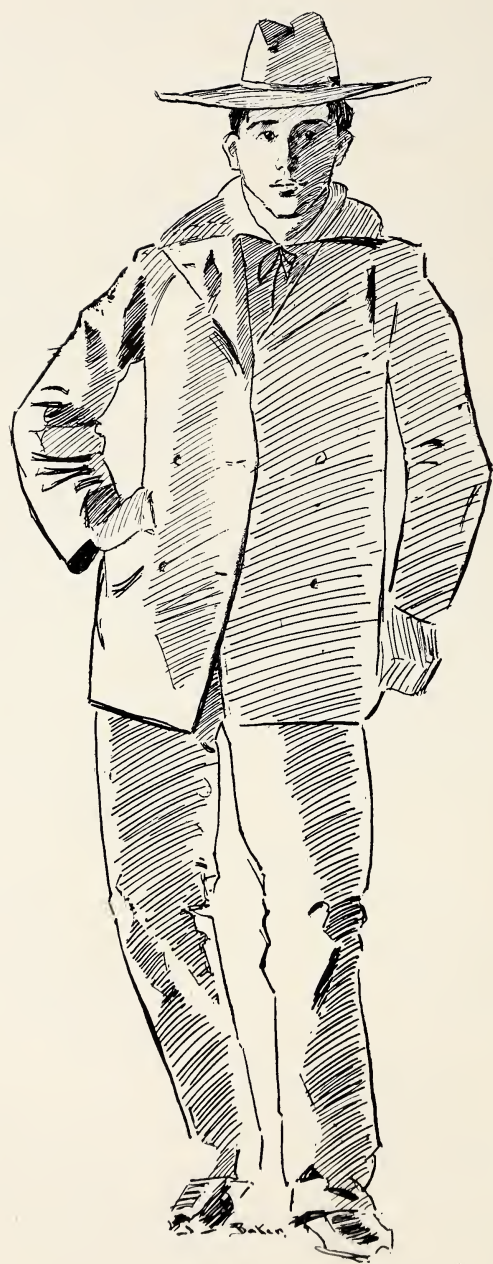
MAGGIE NEWMAN  
ROBERT NORTHROP  
JOSEPHINE OSBORNE  
HENRY OTT  
FORD PIATT

BERTHA PURCELL  
KATE PURCELL  
IDA RICHARDSON  
CELIA ROACH  
BESSIE RONAN  
FRANK RORK

FAY SEELEY  
KATHERINE SELLERS  
LOUISE SHELDON  
LOTTIE SMITH  
LEO SPOOR  
BEDA TORNBLOM

MAUDE TRACY  
FLORENCE TURNEY  
EMMA WEBSTER  
LENA WILSON  
MOLLIE WOOLHOUSE  
ELIDA YAKELEY







President,	-	-	-	-	-	-	CLARE CHRISTOPHER
Vice President,	-	-	-	-	-	-	MATTIE WEST
Secretary,	-	-	-	-	-	-	FLORENCE GITCHELL
Treasurer,	-	-	-	-	-	-	HARRY FARGO

## The Sophomores.

Zip! Boom! Bah!

Zip! Boom! Bah!

'98! '98!

Rah! Rah! Rah!

---

Colors: Blue and yellow.

The pupils entering the Freshmen year of the Lansing High School experience no great change from that of the grades, as they still occupy a room by themselves, and do not come in contact very much with the rest of the High School. But when they ascend another flight of stairs to enter the Sophomore year you will notice a decided difference.

If one of these notable personage is a boy, now a young man properly speaking, he immediately repairs to a tailor shop, where his knee trousers are exchanged for a pair of longer cut.

He now lets his hair grow long and parts it in the middle. He thinks himself a person of considerable importance as you will notice by his air if you chance to meet him on the street.

It is during this year that class enthusiasm is at its height and class colors are seen flying. You will occasionally see notices of this nature written on the black-board:

“There will be a meeting of the *Sophemere* class after school.

“Clare Christopher, Pres.”

It was in one of these meetings that the president in his address warned his class to have nothing to do with the Seniors, as they were quarrelsome people.

There has been some dispute about the number of this class, as Stanley Montgomery is claimed by both Juniors and Sophs.

This class has the honor of having the greatest number of athletes of any class in the High School, and one of their number won the all-around diamond medal at Jackson in '95, and at Lansing this year.

The experiences of this year are many. They wade through the pages of Caesar and learn that Julius after conquering the Gauls crossed the Rubicon.

The surroundings of the Sophomores has a great effect on their bearing, thrown into the same atmosphere with the haughty Juniors they forget demeanor, and become very free in their actions about the assembly room until they are suddenly restrained by the notable personage of the preceptor, who reminds them of a term used in

physics, as yet unheard of by the Sophomores, namely, that two portions of matter can not occupy the same space at the same time.

Sometimes, however, the experiences of the Sophomores are very sad, and before the year has passed class colors are lowered and class patriotism becomes dull. They come to realize that they are only in the second year of the High School, and still lack two years of being Seniors.

## Sophomores.

MAUDE ABBOTT

MINNIE ANDERSON

BEULAH ARNEY

ADELBERT BAKER

MOLLIE BANGS

CLARA BAIRD

RAY BEHRENDT

JESSIE BIRD

JENNIE BOWER

GEORGE BROWN

WILL BROWN

CLAUDE CHAMBERLAIN

CLARENCE CHRISTOPHER

ADELINE CLARK

MERTON CLARK

JESSIE COATES

FRANK COOLEY

BESSIE COOLEY

LOUIS COWLEY

PEARL CURRY

MARY DANN

SAMUEL DAVIS

WILL DIETZ

FRED DODGE

JOSEPHINE DRISCOLL

GRACE DUNNEBACKE

ARTHUR DUNNEBACKE

OLIVE DUBOIS

HARRY FARGO

HARRIETT FARRAND

FRANCES FARRAND

PAULINE FISHER

EVA FOSTER

GERTRUDE FOSTER

MILDRED FULTON

FRED FULLER

MARK GARLICK

NELLIE GATES

FLORENCE GITCHELL

EMMA GLICMAN

CHLOE GOODRICH

HARRIS HANSHUE

CHARLES HAVENS

GRACE HAZELTON

MABEL HARRIS

HARRIETT HEWITT

KARL HODGES

LOU HOOKER

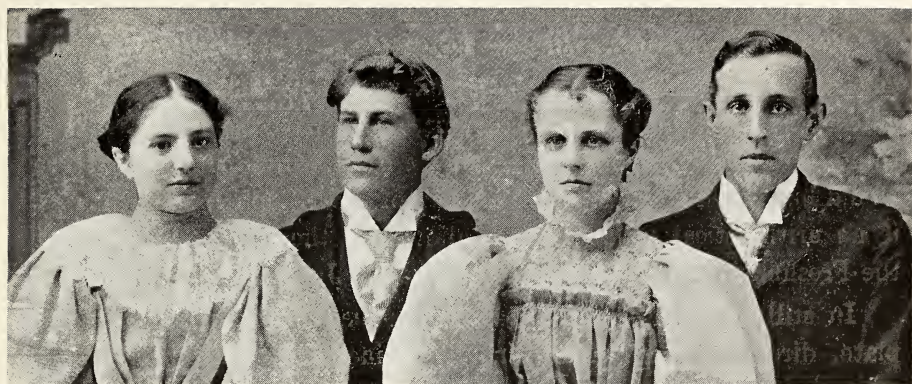
FLORENCE HOPPHAN

ROY HOUGHTON



HARRY HOUSTON	IRENE ROGERS
ALICE HUMPHREY	BESSIE SCRANTON
ALICE HURD	ALICE SLEEPER
MABEL HASLER	FANNIE SLY
L. E. W. JOHNSON	LENA SMITH
MAY KELLY	SYLVIA SMITH
FANNIE LEMON	NETTIE THOMPSON
MINNIE LOSEY	OLIVE THORNE
ARTHUR LYONS	CHANDLER TOMPKINS
KATE MALTBY	JAMES TURNER
MADGE MASON	SCOTT TURNER
DEAK MEAD	GEORGE THORBURN
MAY McGRATH	KATHERINE TOOLAN
THOMAS MORRISSEY	GERTRUDE URQUHART
WILL NOYES	CLARENCE URQUHART
DORA OSTRANDER	TILLIE VAN HALTERN
GEORGE PARSONS	CASSIE VAUGHN
ORRIE PARSONS	BESSIE WALDO
D. PIATT	MAUDE WALKER
MINNIE PERRY	DON WATROUS
CORA PLATT	MATTIE WEST
JAMES PORTER	EFFIE WHIPP
WALTER PORTER	HARRY WHITELEY
EDITH PRESLEY	ERNEST WICKHAM
FISK REASONER	ROY WILLIAMS
LILLIE RICHARDSON	MABEL WOLF
ROY RICHMOND	RUBY ZACHARIAH
MARY ROBSON	GRETCHEN ZIEGLER
MARJORIE RONAN	
MAY ROSS	





President,	-	-	-	-	-	-	ROLLAND BAKER
Vice President,	-	-	-	-	-	-	INEZ EARLE
Secretary,	-	-	-	-	-	-	BELL CADY
Treasurer,	-	-	-	-	-	-	CLARK JAGGER

## The Freshmen.

Enenekonta! Ennea!

Right in line!

Lansing High School!

'99!

---

Colors: Violet and yellow.

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Had it been possible to photograph, by means of the X-rays, the thoughts of the one hundred forty-nine students who, on the morning of September third, eighteen hundred ninety-five, filed into the spacious assembly room which, upon '95's entrance into the High School, was set apart for that worthy class until she should have

ample time to reflect upon her misdeeds and "mend her ways," and which, on account of the crowded condition of the "attic" has since been devoted solely to the use of succeeding Freshmen, a highly amusing and interesting result would have been obtained.

Pride, in the thought that, at last, they had surmounted all difficulties such as passing the necessary examinations, etc., etc., and had entered upon their High School course, would have been the principal thing revealed by the plate in many cases, while in others there would have been an inexpressible dread of those Sophomores who are, if an arithmetical proposition is allowable, the High School minus the Freshmen, minus the Seniors, minus the Juniors.

In still other cases there would have been reproduced, upon the plate, dire misgivings concerning those inevitable examinations, for why should not innocent Freshmen suppose that such things as "*ponies*" would be an utter impossibility in examinations presided over by sharp-eyed *High School* teachers.

The heart-aches caused by this last morbid fancy could, however, have been avoided had they only consulted the Sophomores, or, better still, the Juniors who, on account of their greater amount of experience, could have given them several very useful hints as to the proper care of these "ponies," especially at such times as when a certain sharp-eyed teacher—he who presides over the "attic"—should be present.

To have consulted the Seniors would have been worse than useless for they never used them. Why should they when they always had their lessons so they could recite them backwards if necessary?

After two or three weeks, however, the Freshmen found out several things, not the least of these being that their previous ideas concerning the impossibility of "ponies" were entirely at fault. This mistake they rectified quickly while some of the others they did not.

They soon discovered that their superior (?) ability was not recognized, that the Sophomores looked down upon them and called them "Freshies," notwithstanding the fact that they themselves had undergone the same humiliations only the year before; the Juniors simply

ignored them, while those august personages, the Seniors, seemed unaware of their existence until it suddenly occurred to the ORACLE Board that it would be an exceedingly wise plan to persuade the Freshmen to have printed, in the ORACLE, at their own expense, of course, a cut of their class officers whom they had elected only a few months before and of whom they were justly proud.

Owing to the efforts of the worthy business manager and the susceptibility of Freshmen to flattery, this plan succeeded and, as a result, this department of the ORACLE was made much more attractive (?) and the Board became reasonably sure of selling at least *four* ORACLES to the Freshmen.

Of course, under these circumstances, the Seniors could well afford to be very gracious toward the ambitious Class of '99 and the spirits of the latter rose accordingly for, at last, the value of their beauty if not of their true worth had been recognized and—by the Seniors.

Under their patronage, the Freshmen daily waxed more bold and confident of their own superior ability, and many a time were the worthy Seniors sorely tempted to treat them somewhat coolly and, moreover, would have yielded to the temptation had it not been for the haunting fear that, did they do so, those highly indignant young people, without waiting to consider the justice of their treatment, would immediately announce the contract, between themselves and the ORACLE Board, “null and void.” Freshmen are so *fickle*.

Accordingly, the Seniors suffered patiently and said nothing. There was no alternative.

Now, however, the cut is printed and paid for; those egotistical Freshmen have become still more egotistical Sophomores and the Seniors are Seniors no longer; but before '96 yields her place to her successors, she would like to give to the Class of '99, a few words of friendly advice which she hopes they will receive kindly, although it must be admitted that her advice has been bestowed a little freely, although with the best intentions upon this unappreciative class during the past year.

It is this she would say: “O class of '99 you are now entering upon the second year of your sojourn in these halls of learning. You



are Freshmen no longer, but Sophomores, and we, the Class of '96, sadder and wiser than we were four years ago—such is the inevitable fate of the graduates of the Lansing High School—would thus advise you: Be charitable, i. e., put your hands in your pockets and delight the heart of Miss Young by purchasing a picture or two to adorn the somewhat bare walls of the Senior room, be modest and unassuming, and, above all, do not ill-use the Freshmen and make them miserable by ridiculing them, but remember that you, yourselves, were once in their place, and no matter how *green* they may appear, they can be no worse than were you.”



## Freshmen.

Georgia Avery	Theron Chase	Earl Goodnoe
Fred Algate	Grace Cowley	Gertrude Green
Clara Armstrong	Gertrude Cook	Florence Green
George Banghart	Claudia Carpenter	Virginia Grant
Herbert Barringer	Arthur Clarke	Pauline Griffith
James Brisbin	Fred Champion	Isabel Gunn
Nora Baird	Frank Christopher	Myrtie Gunn
Rolland Baker	Bertha Clark	Elizabeth Hall
Grace Boam	Olive Chidester	Earl Hamilton
Nathan Born	Jay Davenport	Phil Hasty
Franc Bennett	Bert Daman	Emma Hathaway
Constance Bement,	Edith Davis	Marion Harden
Caddie Brucker	Ethel Davis	Deborah Hartley
Mollie Butts	Harry Davis	Charles Hayden
Harriett Buck	Grace DeVore	Addie Hayes
Lina Barnes	Edith Dresser	Harold Hedges
Addie Barnes	Albert Dunker	Katherine Hedges
Dan Brown	Mable Donovan	Winnie Hendrick
Edith Brown	Sadie Dunngan	Maie Harrison
Julius Baumgras	Clyde Douglas	Cora Higgs
Leonard Banghart	Inez Earl	Dora Higgins
Caroline Bray	Daisy Eberhart	John Hinchey
Henry Baker	Maud Flausburg	Blanch Howard
A. Bruen	Herbert Flint	Charles Howard
Belle Cady	John Fraser	Ned Hopkins
Homer Chisholm	Oscar Frey	Elsie Hopphan
Harry Curtis	Emma Fuller	Mabel Hudson
Lynn Cottington	Elias Giles	Eva Huff
Elisha Carroll	Gertrude Gladden	Frank Hughes

Cassie Hulburd	Lulu Newlon	Emma Shaible
Rush Hume	Paul Nelson	Marion Seeley
Clark Jagger	Henry Nichols	Don Sherman
Seth Jones	Marie Nichols	Mable Smilie
Mae Kane	Florence Nixon	Effie Smith
Sadie Kincaid	Lester O'Dell	Earl Smith
Hattie Knowlton	Clara Osband	Arthur Smith
Millie Koonzman	Charles Page	Clinton Spencer
Mary Kramer	Dwight Parmelee	Jessie Stabler
Robert Langenbacker	Lynn Parsons	Rollin Strong
Charles Leshner	Etta Payne	Jessie Strang
Lena Lietzen	Bertha Pollock	Nancy Sutton
Edith Longstreet	Lillian Powers	Mabel Ten Eyck
Oscar Loomis	Beulah Pratt	Irma Thompson
Emma Lower	Dora Pray	Lavina Tobin
Carrie Lyons	Chrissie Prost	Alice Tooland
Carroll Lyon	Eva Pulcifer	Vern Townsend
Belle Madden	Stewart Ramage	Arthur Tracy
Belle Mack	Nellie Randall	Mable Treglown
Mamie McClory	Gaius Randall	Charles Tubbs
Celia McQuellan	Grace Raymond	Julia Van Buren
Mary Martin	Arthur Reasoner	Leon Vredenburg
Lizzie Matchett	Arthur Redmond	Vivian Van Alstine
Ned Martin	Lillie Remer	Ernest Ward
Anna Meech	Carl Richardson	Theo Wardwell
Bessie Meyers	Aber Richardson	Kate Webb
Augusta Middleton	Helen Robson	Lucy Winans
Bessie Milemore	Lula Robertson	Anna Winters
Zella Mishler	Bert Ross	Bessie Wilson
Dell Moon	May Roach	Floyd Wilson
Mildred Moon	Lulu Scratcherd	John Wimple
Roy Moore	Hall Scranton	Eugene Wood
Hattie Moses	Herman Schreiber	Ray Young
Florence Mundon	Lula Scutt	

#### SPECIALS.

Helen Baker	Nettie Hubbard	Nettie Voorhees
Rena Black	Ida Sutliff	Claude Hunter

## An Ex-Perience.

To those who graduate from the Lansing High Skule I would offer a word of advice.

In the first place you are to well edicated to saw wood or pedal tin-wire, but if you are bound to pedal begin on sunthin easy like seven dollar bibles and never try patent medesin unless you can read human natur.

I my self have bin in the patent medesin business nearly 6 munths and have had a variety of ex-periences, hoping many who imbark in the business may profit by what I have to say I will repete my ex-periences in story form.

We only had in 20 akers of corn and 12 akers of potatoes so as there wasn't enough hoein to keep me busy looked around and ubtained an agency for Montgomery's Great Stummick and Liver Renovator, composed of roots, hurbs, easter ile, rubarb, poty-folin, and other such mild lacksitives, very pleasin to the taste and agreein with the most delikut systim.

I got a good supply of this medisn and after killin off as many of my poor relashun as I dared without exsiten publick suspicion, decided to vacate the premises.

I had jest ten shillin in my pokit-buk and that being the exact fare to Lansin, konkluded to make that my next terrotory.

I got on the kars and sot down by a feller who wore a prince-alburt koat and a white nekty and I knew in a minit he was ingaged in some kind of church work, so I asked him if he had a cerkit. He said he was aholdin revival meetins and was up so much nights and had so much responsibility that he was just about played out.

It seems he had jest ben down to Lansing for he sez to me sez he,

“the sinners do be orful this year, last night 23 went forward and 723 went backward,” and he groaned in spirit.

Well sez I you need sunthin to brace you up, and I have the thing, it is composed of roots, hurbs and pure malt lickier. When I sez lickier I noticed a slight elevation of his right ear, so I knew I was on the right track.

Sez he, “air you sure that there lickier is pure?” Yes, sez I, warranted to make a man so in 10 minutes he can’t see the holes in a ladder.”

“Gimme 12 bottles,” sez he, which I did and done them up on the spot in one of Georgie Fields’ High Skul Observers. I after ward learned the poor feller died, but I was to busy a visitin’ the sick and afflicted to inquire of the undertaker whether it was the rubarb or what the medesin was done up in that killed him off.

When I got off at North Lansing a draymun, who had part af the sermun on the mount printed on one side of his wagun and “In God we trust all others pay as you go” on the other, hollered for me to get out of the road as his horse was fond of grass.

After I had counted all the ribs in his old horse except 2 floatin’ ribs on the off side, I jest kum to the natural konklusion that his appetite did tend that way and hustled acordingly.

The first house I stopped at the woman throwed 2 sticks of cord wood and the stove iron at me jest because I kicked her dog off of the frunt stoop. When I tried to remonstrate with her and sell her a little renovater to kam her nerves, for every time she throwed high and to the right, she told me if I stoped to arger she’d have the depity-konstubble lock me up three hours in the ladies waiting room at the North Lansing depo. It is simply surprisin’ how fast a man kin move in an emerguncy.

Then I tried a barber shop for I see a bald heded man in there readin’ a paper. I walked in. Sez I to him, sez I, “don’t the flies trubble you orful in the summer time?” He never said a word but ketched two on his hed that were fightin’ over a bred crumb and pulled their laigs off.

Then I told him I had an article that would make his hair so long

in 3 weeks—or longer, he would look like Paddyuisky. He bought 6 bottles and poured 2 of them on his head to unct.

Now there must have bin sunthin in that medesin which smarted for he reared and charged, and took on terrible. I had business down the street allto unct, but the last I see of him he was bootin every body within reach and a sharpenin razors on the stove pipe.

It was so near 12 o'clock decided to postpone business and get my dinner, so I went in to R. B. Shank & Co.'s and bought 2 doz. of them non-combustable buns, but after I had scraped the rust off a couple desided I wasn't hungry a bit. However, I took them buns home jest the same, white washed them and put the hull 2 dozen around a posy bed in our frunt yard.

As I continued my way down the street I met the Orakul bord a airin of them selves. I got right off the side walk and raised my hat but they were a feelin to proud to speak and only reviled me and kicked slivers in my eyes.

The next house I stopped at I see a girl reklinin on pillows with her hed tied up in a sling. Sez I to her mother, after I had first inserted my satchel between the door and then squeezed through myself, sez I, "Madum I perceave by cirkumstances your darter has some ailment, and is about the billyustist lookin critter I ever sot my eyes on."

"Yes," sez she, "I am afraid my girl studies to hard, this is her first year in the high school," and she fondly smiled on a latin grammer and a algerber a layin on the table.

"Yes," sez I, "I infer from what you have said that your darter is a freshmun. She don't sleep nights, she is to orful smart to sleep nights, and she has week laigs, that's because of her great heft of inteleck."

"Now madum I have a remedy—" but the womun wouldn't listen at all and before you could say "Guvernur Rich's guvernement galluses" she had chased me acrost 7 vacant lots ketched me by the kollar, and had 2 panels of bob-wire fence knocked down with me.

Finally she yanked me around jest a little more, booted me about 2 furlongs farther and left me in piece.



Then I riz up and give thanks that I wasn't killed, and hoped all her family would have sleepless nights and week laigs all the rest of their lives; but I knew by the feelin's in my bones that I was a goin' to have a fit of sickness but whether it was spinal complaint or jest commun dumb ager I was undisided.

Any how I kum to the konklusion that that fresh mun's mother must have bin one of them ere new women you read about but I was to busy at the time to notice whether she had her blumers tucked in her boots or not.

When I felt able I went further down the street till I see a long haired feller workin' in a gardin. I found out on conversin' with him that he was president or sunthin' on the Orakull bord. and that he was either a goin' to start a tannery or plant all his gardin to 15 cent potatoes and cheap tobacco after he had graduated.

Sez he to me "what would you do?" "Why," sez I, "put her into potatoes; I have an artikle best on earth to kill off potato bugs." "Well," sez he, "I guess I'll plant potatoes;" so I traded 2 bottles of my renovator for 2 copies of "Twelve Buckets of Blood," a new poem of his.

I learned afterward he never raised nothin' on that gardin for 4 years after he used the renovator, but it wasn't the renovator, it was jest because he didn't half hoe it.

On my way to North Lansing, say that's certainly the meanest place this side the equator, a feller commenced to grin and asked me if I wasn't the only senator ever elected by the prohibitionists. "No," sez I, "I am the tale-end of the lost tribe of Israel come in to pay my dog tax and be you the kolleक्टर?" "No," sez he, "I am only jest a member of the skule bord please don't say nothin' about it," and he bought a bottle of renovator.

Well this is the last of my experiences in Lansing and I wouldn't fetch another bottle of renovator there if the hull town was dyin' off with the mumps and measles.

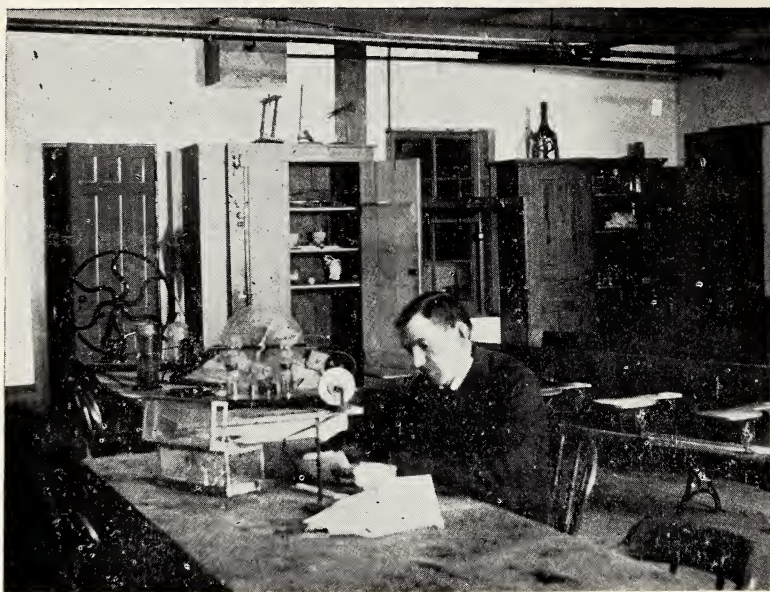
But in jestice to myself I will say that many well edicated people who have bought my renevator say I am a prevaricator now whether



that means a heathen-chinee or jest a common tin-pedler I know not; but other people call me a liar the biggest Michigan ever produced.

I can stand all the rest but this last statement I deny most emphatically for the biggest liar Michigan ever produced lives in the northeast corner of Montkam kounty; he says Cleveland will be our next president with a democratic majority in both houses.

REUBEN WHOLLOPER GREEN.

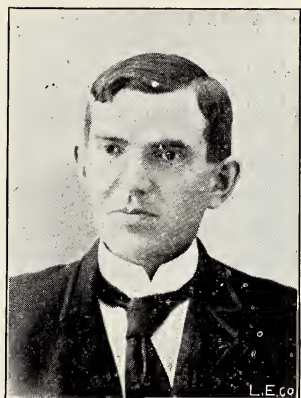


PHYSICAL LABORATORY.



CHEMICAL LABORATORY.

## Science in the Lansing High School.



Beginning with physical geography and physiology in the ninth grade, science work is continued in the eleventh grade as botany and chemistry, and the work is completed during the Senior year in the study of physics and geology.

At one time astronomy and zoology were also studied here, but lacking apparatus and laboratory facilities for the study of these, they were discontinued and more time put upon the branches first enumerated.

The aim in all these studies is not to get possession of a number of isolated facts but to understand the general laws and principles underlying science and connecting its parts. In physiology, for example, it is not considered so very essential to know that the blood goes from the auricles to the ventricles then to the lungs and other parts of the body and back to the heart, but it is important to know what it circulates for, composition and force required to keep it in motion. A knowledge of these points will bring out certain laws in physics, chemistry and botany as well as a certain fact in physiology. In a similar way the understanding of any one of the sciences requires more or less knowledge of the others and their relations are especially dwelt upon in teaching the various kinds of science work.

The work is a kind that should and usually does interest the scholars, as shown by their eager questioning and animated discussion of the numerous interesting points brought up in the various classes.

Interest is still further stimulated by listening to reports of various scientific articles and reviews of scientific papers. Occasionally, too, talks are given by people interested in the schools on some topic, usually scientific.

The Board of Education has always been very liberal in supplying our wants in chemistry, and since the course has been lengthened to a whole year's work it has become very complete and but little is needed in that direction. Our facilities for doing general work in chemistry and analyzing are as good as those of any school in the State, and, in fact, that work is practically the same as the elementary work of the same kind at the State University; the chemical mixtures for analytical work are obtained from the U. of M. and the Juniors are usually very successful in their results.

The aim in chemistry is to understand as far as possible the general laws underlying the subject and connecting it with its especially closely related subject, physics, and to understand the chemistry of common everyday phenomena and operations.

The work in botany is much hindered by the lack of a suitable laboratory and apparatus. There should be a special room for that work with small tables and enough stand microscopes for each section; there should also be two or three good compound microscopes to use in carrying on the work to completion. The fittings and apparatus for fine work in this subject would not be at all expensive and perhaps these are needed more than anything else in our science department at the present time. It would also be an excellent plan to extend the course so as to include eight weeks' work in the fall term in order to study the composite flowers more fully and especially to carry on the work with fruits, which ordinarily do not ripen until after school closes in June.

Although the city has been fairly liberal in furnishing our physical laboratory there are many things needed to make the work what it ought to be in that most important and interesting of all sciences. In the first place, the location of the room is not at all a desirable one. Being in the basement it is always more or less damp and this almost entirely prevents experimenting in static electricity; the appa-



ratus is also liable to rust and this not only prevents its working well but also is apt to spoil it. Besides, many experiments in light cannot be performed at all since the windows are all east windows and good sunlight for experimental purposes can only be obtained from the south. If, however, the room was suitable, and the school board continues its present policy of allowing a hundred dollars a year for new apparatus, we could soon have a very fair laboratory; though physical apparatus is especially expensive and a hundred dollars is a small sum, since many single pieces cost more than that amount.

But on the whole the work in science in our High School can be carried on in a very satisfactory manner and it compares well with the same work in any High School in the State. Any one who has watched the work along that line for several years can see a gradual, steady progress in both methods and apparatus; and, since that is so, our High School will always be in the front rank in science work.

CHARLES E. EVERETT.



W. H. SMITH.





CHRISTINE F. BRONSON.



ALICE F. CARRIER.



H. MELVA KING.



DORA ELMER,



EMMA LOTT



EDITH E. ATKINS.



LUCY A. SLOAN.



LIZZIE E. YOUNG.



IDA A. LAMB.



CLARENCE E. HOLMES.

## Lucy A. Sloan.

With the close of this school year the members of the Lansing High School lose a beloved and eminently helpful friend and teacher.

For the past six years Miss Sloan has had charge of the English work, and during this time has zealously and conscientiously endeavored to point out to her pupils the vast wealth of enjoyment in the careful study of literature. Day after day she has aided them in interpreting and appreciating the beauty and strength in the productions of the great minds of England and our own country. The success of her earnest efforts is apparent to all.

Everyone who has been so fortunate as to study under her supervision has gained a broader, purer and more optimistic view of life. The high rank which our English Department holds in comparison with other schools is largely due to her energetic and untiring labor. Not only as a teacher has Miss Sloan exerted an uplifting and strengthening influence, but her noble, sincere nature and high, pure aims have been an inspiration to all who have been in any way associated with her.

Although Miss Sloan has been teaching for eleven years, she has held but one position previous to the one held here. This was in Berea College, Kentucky, where she taught for five years.

Now she leaves us to go to Hillsdale, her Alma Mater, where she has accepted the position of lady principal and teacher of English.

# Board of Education.

B. E. BALLARD	F. B. JOHNSON	A. R. HARDY
EDWARD WHITE	J. E. HILLIARD	C. J. DAVIS
DR. J. F. CAMPBELL	DR. W. F. HOUGHTON	R. E. OLDS
F. M. ALSDORF	Q. A. SMITH	C. E. ALLEN

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C. J. DAVIS, President.

W. F. HOUGHTON, Clerk.

R. E. OLDS, Treasurer.

J. H. WARDWELL, Secretary.

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## STANDING COMMITTEES.

Teachers—Hardy, Smith, Johnson.

Text-Books—Ballard, Johnson, Hardy.

Buildings—Houghton, Hilliard, White.

Supplies—Olds, Allen, Alsdorf.

Finance—Alsdorf, Allen, Houghton.

Library—Smith, Olds, Campbell.

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C. O. HOYT, Superintendent of Schools.

MRS. ABBIE F. CADY, Librarian.

MISS LEILA SCOFIELD, Supervisor of Music.

MISS E. BARTHOLOMEW, Supervisor of Drawing.

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## HIGH SCHOOL.

W. H. Smith, Principal, Geometry, Political Economy.

Elizabeth E. Young, Assistant, Algebra, Senior Reviews.

Clarence E. Holmes, English, History, Mythology, Geology.

H. Melva King, Algebra.

Emma Lott, English.

Lucy A. Sloan, English and Literature.

Christine F. Bronson, History, Latin.

Chas. E. Everett, Physics, Chemistry.

Ida A. Lamb, English and German.

Alice F. Carrier, Physiology, Geography, Grammar.

Edith E. Atkins, Latin, Greek.

Dora Elmer, English and Latin.

## "Thinking of the Days that are No More."

1895.

- Sept. 3. School opened.
12. Dr. Jordan led chapel.
20. Senior reception to Mr. Smith and Miss Elmer at Mr. G. W. Bement's.
24. Rev. Swift conducted chapel exercises.
26. Fulton run his chin into the ground (red, white and blue).
27. First meeting ORACLE Board.
30. Dr. O'Dell spoke at chapel.
- Oct. 1. Clock in Senior room went on a strike.
3. Chapel was led by Rev. Allen.
11. S. C. A. reception at C. A. Gower's.
- 16-17. Lou Appleyard's midnight walk from Millets to Lansing.
17. Chapel exercises conducted by Rev. Osborne.
18. 8:30 a. m. Prof. Hulbert came to tune the piano.
24. Morning exercises led by Rev. Sly.
- Nov. 1. Miss Lott and Miss King attended dancing school.
7. Rev. Zimmerman led chapel.
20. Miss Young gave a stump speech in U. S. history class.





- Nov. 21. Resolutions on the death of William F. Dickerman adopted.  
 Rev. Legal spoke to the school.
27. Thanksgiving Day exercises.
- Dec. 13. Will Cook appeared at school without his necktie and collar.
- 16-19. People asked about the Christmas ORACLE.
20. Christmas ORACLE out.
- Dec. 20-Jan. 4, '96.  
 Christmas vacation.
- 1896.
- Jan. 6. School opened.
7. Rev. Thompson led chapel.
8. Frank H. Bement changed his course from Latin to Scientific.
- Jan. 10. Hard Times Literary at Walter Foster's.
13. Reviews began.
14. Rev. Webster conducted chapel exercises.
- 27-29. Teachers' semi-annual receptions (Exams.).
31. First semester closed.  
 L. H. S. A. A. entertainment at Star theater.
- Feb. 3. Second semester began. Everybody worked hard.
13. ORACLE Board met on the stairs.
18. Mr. Kilbourne addressed the High School on "Cuba."
21. Senior Literary sleigh ride to Arthur Dail's.
24. Rev. Luther led chapel.
- Mar. 18. Fulton made a stump speech in class meeting.
26. Junior exhibition.
- April 10. Oratorical contest at Lansing. (The Seniors are awed (?) by the power of the Junior's *new* class-yell.)
17. Oratorical contest at Olivet, second prize won by *Mary E. Ludwick*.
20. W. Thorne Fulton elected class orator.





- April 20. Senior examination in arithmetic. Very tearful.
- May 4. One session began.  
 "High School Observer" came out.
12. Local Field Day.
13. Miss Sloan led singing in chapel.
15. Final orations.
22. Final orations.
26. Ball game with Jackson.
28. Final orations.
- 29-30. M. H. S. A. A. Field Day.
29. Reception at the armory by the high school girls.
- June 1. Senior examination in algebra.
2. Senior examinations continued.
4. ORACLE went to print.
5. Final orations.
6. M. H. S. A. A. Field Day continued.
12. Final Orations.  
 Reception by the Juniors for Mr. and Mrs. Hoyt, Miss Sloan, and Miss Elmer at the residence of Zoe Freeman.
14. Baccalaureate sermon.
15. Class day.
16. Senior banquet.
17. Commencement.
18. '96 class picnic.
19. School closed.



# Lansing High School Alumni.

E. V. W. BROKAW, Superintendent.

## CLASS OF 1873.

Mrs. Alice B. Crosby, <i>nee</i> Ballard,	-	Boston, Massachusetts
Ada Thompson,	- - - - -	Lansing
Mrs. Ella W. Shank, <i>nee</i> Williams,	- - -	Lansing

## CLASS OF 1874.

Clarence Bement, firm "E. Bement & Sons," manufacturers,	Lansing
Mrs. Emma L. McGee, <i>nee</i> Jenne,	- - Benzonia, Michigan
Jason E. Nichols, Lawyer,	- - - - - Lansing
Mrs. Minnie Hartness, <i>nee</i> Cameron,	- - - - - Lansing
Burton Harris, Physician,	- - - - - Lansing
Mary L. Shine.*	

## CLASS OF 1875.

Mrs. Florence Judd, <i>nee</i> Harris,	- - -	Cleveland, Ohio
Kate B. Mack, Teacher,	- - - - -	Lansing

## CLASS OF 1876.

Alice Frary,	- - - - -	Lansing
Ella Stedman,	- - - - -	Santa Barbara, California
Mrs. Bettie Brown, <i>nee</i> Sutliff,	- - -	Somerset, Michigan
Mrs. Lucy Parmelee, <i>nee</i> Hunter.*		
Mrs. Fannie Nichols, <i>nee</i> Jones,	- - - - -	Lansing

\* Deceased.

CHARLES A. SANFORD, Superintendent.

CLASS OF 1877.

Mrs. Mary Rowe, <i>nee</i> Sheridan,	-	-	-	Mason, Michigan
Theron North, Supt. of Schools,	-	-	-	Dansville, Michigan

CLASS OF 1879.

Mrs. Bell Breck, <i>nee</i> Dart, clerk in Board of Health Office,	-	-	-	-	Lansing
Esther Stedman, art studio,	-	-	-	-	Chicago
Mrs. May Walker, <i>nee</i> Wolcott,	-	-	-	-	Lansing
Mrs. Franc Edwards, <i>nee</i> Dart,	-	-	-	-	Salt Lake City
Mrs. Hattie Bradley, <i>nee</i> Haze,	-	-	-	-	Lansing
Mrs. Edith Kendell, <i>nee</i> Budington,	-	-	-	-	Lansing

CLASS OF 1880.

Carrie M. Osborn.\*

Lucy D. Cowles, book-keeper,	-	-	-	-	Lansing
Mrs. Ida Watson, <i>nee</i> Case,	-	-	-	-	Detroit
Millie Bingham, teacher,	-	-	-	-	Jackson

CLASS OF 1881.

Corinna B. Gleason, teacher,	-	-	-	-	Lansing
Mrs. Eliza B. Beamer, <i>nee</i> Hinman,	-	-	-	-	Lansing
Lewis F. Esselstyn, missionary,	-	-	-	-	Teheran, Persia
Mrs. Kate Kedzie, <i>nee</i> Marvin, Teacher of Music,	-	-	-	-	Lansing
Mrs. Joie Johnson, <i>nee</i> Smith,	-	-	-	-	Lansing

Carrie O. Lott.\*

CLASS OF 1882.

Mrs. Lena Broas, <i>nee</i> Bertch,	-	-	-	-	Bay City
Maude Cannell, kindergarten teacher,	-	-	-	-	Ypsilanti
Mrs. Emma Chittenden, <i>nee</i> Campbell,	-	-	-	-	Lansing
Mrs. Etta Green, <i>nee</i> De Lamarter,	-	-	-	-	Albuquerque, New Mexico
Mrs. Julia Lathers, <i>nee</i> Everett,	-	-	-	-	Near Detroit
Charles Everett, teacher,	-	-	-	-	Lansing
Mrs. Carrie French, <i>nee</i> French,	-	-	-	-	Washington (State)

\*Deceased.

Mrs. Neela Beardsley, <i>nee</i> Root,	-	-	Lawrence, Kansas
Mrs. Jennie Prudden, <i>nee</i> Whitney,	-	-	Lansing

DAVID HOWELL, Superintendent.

CLASS OF 1883.

Mrs. Nellie Baldwin, <i>nee</i> Osband,	-	-	-	Grand Rapids
Mrs. Carrie Tuthill, <i>nee</i> Berridge,	-	-	-	Grand Rapids
Mrs. Jessie Worthington, <i>nee</i> Ward,	-	-	Grand Haven, Michigan	
Cassie McClure, teacher,	-	-	-	Detroit
Ida Robins, student,	-	-	-	Ypsilanti
Mrs. Orah Emery, <i>nee</i> Glaister,	-	-	-	Lansing

CLASS OF 1884.

John J. Bush, traveling salesman,	-	-	-	Lansing
Mrs. Inez Smith, <i>nee</i> Smith,	-	-	-	Sioux Falls, New York
Charlotte Earle, kindergarten teacher,	-	-	-	Chicago
Mrs. Adah Weed, <i>nee</i> Aber,	-	-	-	Dover, New Hampshire
Jennie B. Green,	-	-	-	Lansing

CLASS OF 1885.

Grant S. Rowe, Journalist,	-	-	-	Milford, Michigan
Herbert J. McEuen, Supt. of Public Schools,	-	-	-	Wayne, Michigan
Robert Edmonds, Harness Business,	-	-	-	Lansing
Roy Jones, Reporter on "State Republican,"	-	-	-	Lansing
Charles W. Cannell.*				

Mrs. Bettie Loranger, *nee* Dayton.\*

Mrs. Rose Jenness, <i>nee</i> Esselstyn,	-	-	-	Bay City
Mrs. Emma Breisch, <i>nee</i> Cushing,	-	-	-	Lansing
Mrs. Kate Turner, <i>nee</i> Burdick,	-	-	-	Webberville, Michigan
Mrs. Henrietta Woodruff, <i>nee</i> Moots,	-	-	-	De Witt, Michigan
Mrs. Jennie Kirby, <i>nee</i> Gillett,	-	-	-	Lansing
Mrs. Bernice Stitt, <i>nee</i> Byam,	-	-	-	Grand Rapids
Letitia Foster, Teacher,	-	-	-	Lansing
Helena Dyer, Clerk of State Library,	-	-	-	Lansing
Alice F. Carrier, teacher,	-	-	-	Lansing

\*Deceased.

# CLASS OF 1886.

Mrs. May Esselstyn, <i>nee</i> Huston, Missionary,	-	-	-	Teheran, Persia
Mrs. Blanche Stroup, <i>nee</i> Carner,	-	-	-	Perrinton, Michigan
Mrs. Nellie Greely, <i>nee</i> Cory,	-	-	-	Chicago
Mrs. Maude McMills, <i>nee</i> Baker,	-	-	-	La Cross, Wisconsin
Mrs. Mae Seward, <i>nee</i> Hamilton,	-	-	-	Paw Paw, Michigan
Mrs. Edith Kebler, <i>nee</i> Christopher,	-	-	-	Lansing
Mrs. Nellie Browning, <i>nee</i> Lewis,	-	-	-	Zanesville, Ohio
Mrs. Bessie Bentley, <i>nee</i> Stephenson,	-	-	-	Omaha, Nebraska
Ida Hustan, teacher,	-	-	-	Lansing
Mrs. Margaret Thoms, <i>nee</i> Waller,	-	-	-	Lansing
Ernest Sellers, crockery merchant,	-	-	-	Nevada, Iowa
Allen Thompson, electrical engineer,	-	-	-	Lansing
Stanley L. Otis, teller in People's Savings Bank,	-	-	-	Lansing
George Bartholomew, architect,	-	-	-	Lansing

# CLASS OF 1887.

Mrs. Bertha E. Baker, <i>nee</i> Robson,	-	-	-	Lansing
Jessie Robson, teacher,	-	-	-	Lansing
Jennie M. Robson,	-	-	-	Lansing
Antoinette E. Robson, teacher,	-	-	-	Lansing
Dwight J. Robson,	-	-	-	Lansing
Hannah McHenry, teacher,	-	-	-	Lansing
K. Marian Howell, music teacher,	-	-	-	Jackson
Kittie Holbrook,	-	-	-	Lansing
Mary Mann,	-	-	-	Lansing
Will Bartholomew, journalist,	-	-	-	Lansing
Bert Johnson, Druggist,	-	-	-	Middleville, Michigan
Mrs. Myrtie Skinner, <i>nee</i> Baker,	-	-	-	Lansing
Marian Weed, teacher,	-	-	-	Grand Rapids
Ida Tobias,	-	-	-	Near Lansing
Inez L. Abbott, student,	-	-	-	Ann Arbor
May Williams, teacher,	-	-	-	Lansing
Lulu Conn, teacher,	-	-	-	Lansing
Mrs. Sadie Edmonds, <i>nee</i> Conley,	-	-	-	Lansing

# CLASS OF 1888.

May Clark \*

Robert Holmes, music store,	-	-	-	-	Lansing
Mrs. Anna Dickson, <i>nee</i> Smith,	-	-	-	-	Detroit
May McKibbin, teacher,	-	-	-	-	Lansing
Glen Chapman, night editor of "Detroit Evening News,"	-	-	-	-	Detroit
Mrs. Mamie Lovegate, <i>nee</i> Boosinger,	-	-	-	-	East Jordan, Michigan
May Kittle, teacher,	-	-	-	-	Lansing
Mrs. Mollie S. Dodge, <i>nee</i> Wilson, bookkeeper,	-	-	-	-	Lansing
Mrs. Bessie R. Bradner, <i>nee</i> George,	-	-	-	-	Lansing
Myrtle Hungerford, bookkeeper,	-	-	-	-	Chicago
Mrs. Edith Keyes, <i>nee</i> West,	-	-	-	-	Bath, Michigan
Mrs. Grace Prentiss, <i>nee</i> Cowles,	-	-	-	-	Lansing
Herbert L. Robson, salesman,	-	-	-	-	Lansing
Minnie Sears, bookkeeper,	-	-	-	-	Lansing
May Wagner, teacher,	-	-	-	-	Lansing
Mrs. Florence Church, <i>nee</i> Humphrey,	-	-	-	-	Reno, Nevada
Mrs. Abbie Pickett, <i>nee</i> Lyon,	-	-	-	-	Bancroft, Mich.

# CLASS OF 1889.

Mrs. Blanche Ward, <i>nee</i> Aber,	-	-	-	-	Chicago
Mrs. Banie Edwards, <i>nee</i> Elder,	-	-	-	-	Buchanan, Michigan
Mrs. Zade Molitor, <i>nee</i> Spencer,	-	-	-	-	Lansing
Flora Rice, reporter for "State Republican,"	-	-	-	-	Lansing
Mrs. Neenah Edmonds, <i>nee</i> Jones,	-	-	-	-	Lansing
Mrs. Margaret Bartholomew, <i>nee</i> Cahill,	-	-	-	-	Lansing
Mrs. Edna Waldo, <i>nee</i> Ward,	-	-	-	-	Grand Ledge, Michigan
Mrs. Mabel Riley, <i>nee</i> Sears,	-	-	-	-	Lansing
Cora Hoes, teacher,	-	-	-	-	Lansing
Fanny Oviatt,	-	-	-	-	Lansing
Mrs. Minnie Johnson, <i>nee</i> Marshall,	-	-	-	-	Lansing
Arthur Church, clerk wheelbarrow works,	-	-	-	-	Lansing
Earl Mead, architect,	-	-	-	-	Lansing
Nellie Carr, stenographer,	-	-	-	-	Lansing
Mrs. Fanny Crandall, <i>nee</i> Cowles,	-	-	-	-	St. Louis, Missouri
Hattie Hasty,	-	-	-	-	Lansing

\*Deceased.



Frank Hall, reporter "Plain Dealer,"	-	-	-	-	Cleveland
Frank Decke, lawyer,	-	-	-	-	Chicago
Jasper Davis, city engineer,	-	-	-	-	Lansing
Mrs. Mabel Seage, <i>nee</i> Plummer.*					
Mrs. Esther Stoner, <i>nee</i> Conn,	-	-	-	-	Near Lansing
Inez Gilbert,	-	-	-	-	Lansing
Jennie Smith, returned missionary to Burmah,	-				Hornby, New York
Mary Cady,	-	-	-	-	Tacoma, Washington

#### CLASS OF 1890.

Arthur Schultz, teacher,	-	-	-	-	Holt, Michigan
Catherine Long,	-	-	-	-	California
Frank Myers, clerk,	-	-	-	-	Lansing
Will Beamer, manager American Express Co.,	-				Memphis, Tennessee
Mrs. Lizzie Gibbs, <i>nee</i> O'Connor,	-	-	-	-	Atlanta, Georgia
Mrs. Blanche Whitlock, <i>nee</i> Garlock,	-				Wacousta, Michigan
Mrs. Maude Harmon, <i>nee</i> Hickey,	-				Port Huron, Michigan
Cora E. Aldrich, teacher,	-	-	-	-	Webberville, Michigan
Lottie Aldrich, student,	-	-	-	-	Albion, Michigan

#### WALTER H. CHEEVER, Superintendent.

#### CLASS OF 1891.

Mrs. Laura Herrick, <i>nee</i> Bailey,	-	-	-	-	Lansing
Frank Coleman, farmer,	-	-	-	-	Chelsea
Charles W. Foster, student,	-	-	-	-	Ann Arbor
Hattie L. Lawrence, stenographer,	-	-	-	-	Lansing
James McHenry, student,	-	-	-	-	Ann Arbor
Julia Nagel, bookkeeper,	-	-	-	-	Detroit
Mrs. Fred Williams, <i>nee</i> Parmelee.	-	-	-	-	Lansing
Marietta Price.*					
Lois B. Rowe, teacher,	-	-	-	-	Duluth, Minnesota
Mrs. Lena Dunn, <i>nee</i> Simons,	-	-	-	-	Chicago
Myrta Taylor, teacher,	-	-	-	-	Holt, Michigan
Cornelia Wardwell, teacher,	-	-	-	-	Lansing
Etta Wilbur, teacher,	-	-	-	-	Lansing

\*Deceased.

Flora E. Wolf, teacher.	-	-	-	-	-	Lansing
Mrs. Marion Ross, <i>nee</i> Woodworth,	-	-	-	-	-	Lansing

#### CLASS OF 1892.

Harry J. Bond, office of county treasurer,	-	-	-	-	-	Mason, Michigan
J. Howard Bement, E. Bement & Sons,	-	-	-	-	-	Lansing
J. Earl Brown, student,	-	-	-	-	-	Ann Arbor
Gail H. Chapman, Ingham Co. Savings Bank,	-	-	-	-	-	Lansing
Geo. Edward Dean, bookkeeper,	-	-	-	-	-	Pittston, Pennsylvania
Anna Dickerman, teacher,	-	-	-	-	-	New Haven, Connecticut
Geo. Edward Foerster, lawyer,	-	-	-	-	-	Lansing
Jennie Brown, clerk,	-	-	-	-	-	Lansing
Carrie F. Gleason, teacher,	-	-	-	-	-	Lansing
Frances E. Harlock,	-	-	-	-	-	Pompeii, Michigan
Jennie A. Humphrey,	-	-	-	-	-	Belding
John M. Hertel, reporter for "Lansing Journal,"	-	-	-	-	-	Lansing
Carl Jones, student,	-	-	-	-	-	Olivet
Mrs. Martin McNeil, <i>nee</i> Kelso,	-	-	-	-	-	Lansing
Mina Leadley,	-	-	-	-	-	Lansing
Beatrice Mary, clerk postoffice,	-	-	-	-	-	Lansing
Pearl E. Robinson, student,	-	-	-	-	-	Ann Arbor
Edwin Terwilliger, student,	-	-	-	-	-	Ann Arbor
Mary Pugh,	-	-	-	-	-	New York City
Lewis C. Sleeper, student,	-	-	-	-	-	Ann Arbor

#### CLASS OF 1893.

Edwin Bement, student,	-	-	-	-	-	Ann Arbor
Blanche Boosinger,	-	-	-	-	-	Lansing
Clara Bailey, teacher,	-	-	-	-	-	Lansing
Ivaletta Boice, student,	-	-	-	-	-	Ann Arbor
Orma Butler, student	-	-	-	-	-	Ann Arbor
Mary Bailey, teacher,	-	-	-	-	-	Saginaw
Amos Everett, student,	-	-	-	-	-	Ann Arbor
Oceana Ferry, student,	-	-	-	-	-	Ann Arbor
Anna Fisher,	-	-	-	-	-	Lansing
Nettie Gardner,	-	-	-	-	-	Lansing
Gertrude Humphrey,	-	-	-	-	-	Belding, Michigan

Will Hornberger, clerk, post-office,	-	-	-	-	-	Lansing
Harriett Hull, student	-	-	-	-	-	Ann Arbor
Robert Larned, student,	-	-	-	-	-	Ann Arbor
John Morrissey, professional ball player,	-	-	-	-	-	Tacoma, Washington
Charlotte McCallum,	-	-	-	-	-	Lansing
Jeane McKibbin,	-	-	-	-	-	Lansing
Schuyler Olds, student,	-	-	-	-	-	Ann Arbor
Mrs. Cora Moore, <i>nee</i> Peabody	-	-	-	-	-	Lansing
Winnifred Sunderlin, student,	-	-	-	-	-	Olivet

CHARLES O. HOYT, Superintendent.

CLASS OF 1894.

Josie Appleyard, -	-	-	-	-	-	-	Lansing
Florence Abbott, student,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Ann Arbor
Henry Ballard, clerk in post office,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Lansing
Jessie Ballard,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Lansing
Mina Cook, clerk, capitol,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Lansing
Harry Case student,	-	-	-	-	-	-	M. A. C.
Louise Eichler, clerk,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Lansing
Mrs. Nellie Walsh, <i>nee</i> Gongwer,	-	-	-	-	-	-	St. Ignace, Michigan
Belle Geusterbloom,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Ingersoll, Michigan
John Hoag, student,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Kalamazoo
Grace Hagadorn, student,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Albion
Mary Humphrey, clerk,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Lansing
Harry Lewis,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Lansing
Grace Lemon, clerk,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Lansing
Faye Lawrence, clerk,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Lansing
Anna Long,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Lansing
Mabel Main,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Lansing
Frank Merwin, printer,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Howell
Rebecca McCallum	-	-	-	-	-	-	Lansing
Harley Newman,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mexico
Burda Northrop,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Lansing
Fannie Nichols, student,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Ann Arbor
Frank Presley, student, Business College,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Lansing

Florence Porter \*

Mattie Randall, teacher,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Lansing
Grace Robson,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Lansing
Nina Robson, student, Cook County Normal,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Chicago
Edith Sellers, teacher,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Lansing
Dewey Seeley, student,	-	-	-	-	-	-	M. A. C.
Ruth Shank,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Lansing
Eva Ward,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Lansing

# CLASS OF 1895.

Charles Barringer,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Lansing
Maud Bishop, student	-	-	-	-	-	-	Alma
Florence Bissell,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Lansing
Bessie Bolter, teacher,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Holt
Guy Brownson, collector, "State Republican,"	-	-	-	-	-	-	Lansing
Glen Clement, Van Gorder's Laundry,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Lansing
Edgar Cooley, student,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Ann Arbor
Sadie Cooper, student,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Albion
Clara Davis,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Lansing
Bell De Vore,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Lansing
William Dickerman.*							
Frank Diehl, student,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Ann Arbor
Mrs. Lizzie Cranston, <i>nee</i> Everett,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Onondaga, Michigan
Ida Foerster,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Lansing
Ralph Garlick, insurance agent,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Lansing
Don Gleason, clerk,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Lansing
Lida Havens, student, Business College,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Lansing
Belle Hopkins, clerk,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Lansing
Sophia Hornberger,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Lansing
Ida Mae Huffman, clerk,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Lansing
William Hurd, student,	-	-	-	-	-	-	M. A. C.
Ernest Jessop, of the firm of Jessop & Son,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Lansing
Fred Larned, clerk,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Lansing
Grace Marshall, student,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Albion
Robert McKim, trimmer, Lansing Wagon Works,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Lansing
Cassius Mishler, Mishler & Ewing,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Lansing

\*Deceased.



MAIN ASSEMBLY ROOM.



CLASS OF 1895—*Continued.*

Lotie Newell,	-	-	-	-	-	-	South Bend
Myrtie Salspaugh,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Lansing
Lillian Schwartz,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Lansing
Marguerite Scranton, teacher,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Lansing
Effie Suylandt, teacher,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Lansing
Carrie Urquhart, student,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Alma
Clinton Ward, shipping clerk, Wheelbarrow Works,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Lansing
Henry Weigman, salesman,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Cleveland, Ohio
Florence Wilson, teacher,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Lansing
Rena Wilson,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Lansing
William Ziegler, clerk,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Lansing



## Organizations.

### THE LANSING SCIENCE CLUB.

The Lansing Science Club is one of the many clubs of the city devoted to study, and although it is not a High School organization, yet the most of its members are either graduates or members of the school, and it should therefore be mentioned in the ORACLE.

Its membership is not large, yet it has what is worth still more, and that is, members who are interested in the study of science, and who attend the meetings for the benefit that is received from the discussions. In January the following officers were elected for 1896: President, C. C. Collins; Vice-President, W. S. Foster; Secretary, H. L. Lewis; Treasurer, E. D. Gibbs.

On April 14th the second annual banquet, given by the officers of the club, was held at the residence of Hon. Seymour Foster, 313 Chestnut street north. A most enjoyable evening was passed. Mr. Collins acted as toastmaster. The following toasts were responded to: "The Lansing Scientific Association," Judge Cahill; "The North Pole," D. A. Seeley; "X-Rays," A. F. Burdick; "Astronomy," H. L. Lewis; "The New Woman," R. J. Garlick; "Our Trials and Tribulations," W. T. Fulton; "Our Scientific Expedition, W. S. Foster; "The Scientist," C. E. Barringer; "Our Banquets," W. D. Hurd.

The entire year is to be spent in the study of physics. The subjects treated on are dynamics, heat, sound, electricity, and light. The program also contains several debates; papers on different subjects, and men of science; and lectures by Mr. Schneider of the



United States weather bureau, Dr. Miles, and Prof. Hoyt, which gentlemen are authorities along their line of subjects.

The meetings are held every Tuesday evening in the room of the club over the library in the High School building.

The object is the study of general science with all of the up-to-date improvements.

The meetings are well attended and are very interesting, and the benefit received from the discussions can hardly be estimated. Clubs like these are the starting points of men of science, and we sincerely hope that this club will flourish and go on in its good work.

## THE STUDENTS' CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

President, AUSTIN BURDICK.

Vice-President, MISS ATKINS.

Secretary and Treasurer, LOTTIE SMITH.

Every student of every High School has naturally a very busy life and each spare minute is occupied by some special work or other, yet in spite of all this time is found in our High School, once a week, for a half hour's communion with God and study of his word. On Wednesday, at the close of the afternoon session, the members meet in the ninth grade assembly room.

Not only have the members secured the assistance of teachers of the High School, but they have also secured that of several of the clergymen of the city, and have received most beneficial advice and counsel from them. Any one who has attended these meetings cannot but testify to the inspiration it has given them, and that its influence is felt throughout the school.

The members of the High School, we hope, will continue to give it their most hearty sympathy and co-operation, and help on the good work. As each succeeding year the new class enters the school, and as these classes are growing larger, they can be the medium through which each member of the school may become acquainted with the others and the work before them, and with the one Great Teacher, who will

draw them into a closer friendship and prepare them for the duties of this life and of that which is to come.

## SENIOR LITERARY SOCIETY.

One of the pleasantest features of the Senior year is the series of meetings held by the Senior Literary Society.

These meetings are held at the homes of members of the class, and occur, as a rule, every three weeks.

The forepart of each evening is devoted to the study of the life and works of some noted author, and the latter to social enjoyment.

January 10th, the Literary Society gave a "Hard Times Masquerade," which was a very enjoyable affair. Miss Pearl Howe, whose costume was the most suggestive of "hard times," being awarded the first prize, a check on the Central Michigan Savings Bank.

During the sleighing season, one of the meetings was held in the country, at the home of Arthur Dail, and, in spite of the bitter cold wind which *would* penetrate the robes now and then, all reported a delightful time.

The Literary held April 10th, at the home of Lena Bailey, will long be remembered because of a departure from the usual literary program: "The New Woman," a humorous farce, being presented by eight of the Senior girls.

During the past year, the society has met eleven times, each meeting being well attended. The authors studied are the following:

Dante, Voltaire, Ingersoll, Goethe, Schiller, Frank R. Stockton, Corneille, Savonarola, Alexander Dumas, Victor Hugo, H. H. Boyesen, Lord Lytton, Owen Meredith, Mrs. Ward.

## RECEPTIONS.

Among the many events that occurred during the school year, the receptions were the most enjoyable. On Friday evening, September 20, a reception to Principal Smith and Miss Elmer was given by the Seniors at the residence of Mr. G. W. Bement. Besides a large

number of students several members of the School Board were present and a very pleasant evening was spent.

The following program was rendered :

Piano Solo,	-	-	-	-	MISS BRONSON
Select Reading,	-	-	-	-	MISS SLOAN
Recitation,	-	-	-	-	FORD PIATT
Vocal Solo,	-	-	-	-	MAUD LAROSE

The annual reception of the Students' Christian Association to the ninth grade was given at the residence of Mr. C. A. Gower. In spite of the inclement weather quite a large number were present. The greater part of the evening was spent in getting acquainted with the large Freshmen class, and in making them feel that they were cordially welcome as a part of our number.

The program was as follows :

Piano Solo	-	-	-	-	GRACE DUNNEBACK
Recitation	-	-	-	-	MARK LUDWICK
VOCAL SOLO	-	-	-	-	LESLIE MANNE

Among the many pleasant social events of the school year, perhaps the one which will be longest remembered was the reception given by the girls of the L. H. S. to the young men in honor of their field day.

Those who know the armory in its usual state alone can realize the amount of work it required to transform it into the charming bower in which the young ladies received their guests, who openly admitted themselves victims of that purely feminine trait—curiosity.

The only unpleasant feature of the affair was the *very singular* conduct of the teachers, from whom the girls had been given every reason to expect hearty co-operation. The mothers of a number of the young ladies kindly acted as chaperons, and to their genial presence not a little of the evening's success was due.

The last reception of the year, given by the Junior class, was held at the residence of Mr. G. W. Freeman, Friday evening, June 12, in honor of Supt. and Mrs. C. O. Hoyt, Miss Sloan and Miss Elmer. Mr. W. H. Turnbull; a former principal of the High School, was present. The Board of Education and the entire High School were invited. It was largely attended and a pleasant time reported.



## Athletics.

Ooh Rah! Ooh Rah!

Wah! Pah! Sah!

Lansing High School

Rah! Rah! Rah! .

An athletic association is a comparatively new thing in our school, as it was but three years ago that our High School was for the first time represented as a school in a field day, which was a dual affair, with Battle Creek, and at which time Lansing first won her fine reputation in athletics. Last year we kept up this reputation by winning the all-around diamond medal and scoring the greatest number of points at the first annual field day of the Michigan High School Athletic Association, of which association the Capital City boys enjoy the honor of being the founders.

Who are, who are, who are we?

We are, we are, we are the

P-E-O-P-L-E!

L-A-N-S-I-N-G!

As our local association was badly in need of funds, an entertainment was given for its benefit at the Star Theatre, January 31, which replenished the treasury to the surprising amount of fifty cents. However, the Class of '96 showed its generosity by presenting the association with \$10, and the Juniors, not to be outdone by their elders, gave the boys a check for \$15 on the '97 treasury. But to cap the climax the girls (three cheers for the girls) turned over for the benefit of athletics over \$15 which they had cleared from the most pleasant event of the entire school year—the reception and dance given by them at the Armory for the boys.





TRACK TEAM.



We are the people who make things ring!

L-a-n-s-i-n-g!  Lans-ing!

For the first time in several years we have been without a school foot-ball team; and, instead, have paid more attention to the base-ball team which, although not able to win the cup, is the best for its weight in the State.

Local field day was held May 17, at which time those to represent L. H. S., May 29-30, were selected.

The second annual field day of the M. H. S. A. A. was to occur in this city on the date just mentioned, but after having the indoor sports and a few of the track events, the program, on account of the weather, was postponed till June 6. Certainly the most enjoyable event in connection with field day was the ball at the Armory, given by the young ladies of the L. H. S. after the indoor events, to the members of the various schools which belong to the M. H. S. A. A. Everybody reported the best kind of a time and the boys knew of no appropriate way to express their gratitude.

Our track team was this year for the first time under the supervision of an able athlete, Gail Chapman, L. H. S. '92. Special credit is due our all-around men, Christopher and Tompkins; the former of whom both last year and this won the all-around medal and broke the inter-collegiate record for running broad jump.

#### DIRECTORS L. H. S. A. A.

President,	-	-	-	-	-	Walter S. Foster, '96
Vice President,	-	-	-	-	-	Chandler Tompkins, '98
Secretary,	-	-	-	-	-	H. Ford Piatt, '97
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T. M. MARSHALL, 1. F  
D. PIATT, 3B.  
L. SPOOR, MG'R.

L. H. S. BASE BALL TEAM.

# BASE BALL TEAM.

Manager,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Leo Spoor
Pitcher and Captain,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	C. Humphrey
Catcher,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	H. Fargo
Pitcher,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	R. Baker
First Base,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	L. Briggs
Second Base,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	S. Montgomery
Short Stop,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	K. Hodges
Third Base,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	D. Piatt
Left Field,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	T. Marshall
Center Field,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	C. Leshner
Right Field,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	H. Cook

## M. H. S. A. A.

President,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Grosbeck, Grand Rapids
Vice President,	-	-	-	-	-	-	McGee, Jackson
Secretary,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Piatt, Lansing
Treasurer,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Wheeler, Ann Arbor

Eaman, Detroit.

## Michigan High School Athletic Association.

Field Day, Lansing, May 29-30, June, 5.

- Feather-weight sparring, one round—Welsh, D. H. S., first; Hall, A. A. H. S., second.
- Light-weight sparring, two rounds—Day, D. H. S., first; Davis, A. A. H. S., second.
- Middle-weight sparring, one round—Yellenstein, D. H. S., first; Potter, J. H. S., second.
- Feather-weight wrestling, two falls—Frost, G. R. H. S., first; Loud, A. A. H. S., second.
- Light-weight wrestling, two falls—Devore, G. R. H. S., first; French, L. H. S., second.
- Shot put, 16-pound. 32 ft. 9 in.—Tompkins, L. H. S., first; King, D. H. S., second; Beard, A. A. H. S., third.
- Hammer throw. 78 ft. 3 in.—King, D. H. S., first; Avery, A. A. H. S., second; Tompkins, L. H. S., third.
- One-half mile run—Dayrell, G. R. H. S., first; Mera, D. H. S., second; Weiss, D. H. S., third.
- Standing broad jump. 10 ft. 3 in.—Tompkins, L. H. S., first; Genberg, A. A. H. S., second; Weston, G. R. H. S., third.
- Running hop, step and jump. 43 ft. 11 in.—Tompkins, L. H. S., first; Pingree, D. H. S., second; Weston, G. R. H. S., third.
- One-half mile walk. 4 min. 14 sec.—Ramage, L. H. S., first; Standish, D. H. S., second; White, J. H. S., third.
- 220-yard dash. 25 3-5 sec.—Widman, D. H. S., first; Pingree, D. H. S., second; Christopher, L. H. S., third.
- 100-yard dash. 11 2-5 sec.—Kittlemen, D. H. S., first; Weston, G. R. H. S., second; Fox, G. R. H. S., third.



One-half mile bicycle. 1 min. 13 sec.—Ulp, A. A. H. S., first; Phelps, G. R. H. S., second; Baldwin, D. H. S., third.

Running broad jump. 21 ft. 6½ in.—Christopher, L. H. S., first, Pingree, D. H. S., second; Tompkins, L. H. S., third.

Pole vault. 9 ft. 1 in.—Christopher, L. H. S., first; Leshner, L. H. S., second.

220-yard hurdle. 29 sec.—Pingree, D. H. S., first; Gibson, G. R. H. S., second; Christopher, L. H. S., third.

One-fourth mile bicycle. 1 min. 34 sec.—Phelps, G. R. H. S., first; Beard, G. R. H. S., second; Ross, L. H. S., third.

Running high jump. 5 ft. 2 in.—Prentiss, D. H. S., first; Christopher, L. H. S., second; Piatt, L. H. S., third.

440-yard dash. 54 2-5 sec.—Pingree, D. H. S., first; Christopher, L. H. S., second; Tompkins, L. H. S., third.

One mile bicycle. 2 min. 33 sec.—Ulp, A. A. H. S., first; Baldwin, D. H. S., second; Phelps, G. R. H. S., third.

All-around medal, Christopher, L. H. S.

Second all-around medal, Pingree, D. H. S.

Cup for points, Detroit.

Base ball cup, Ann Arbor.







## Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Freshie.

Twinkle, twinkle, little Freshy,  
How I wonder what you are,  
With that manner planetary,  
“ Hitch your wagon to a star.”

When the blazing sun is setting,  
And the wee hour draweth nigh,  
Then the Freshy star comes tripping  
Like a diamond in the sky.

How it glows in self-conceitings,  
How it scorns the earthly sphere;  
Though in years to come 'twill linger  
Where the Seniors' now appear.

Twinkle, twinkle, little Freshy,  
Sweet terrestrial of space,  
One short year and back you'll hasten  
To refill the Sophomore's place.

## So Haben Wir Gesprochen.

W-LT-R F-ST-R: "Der würde meines Folk." "The dignity of my folks."

M-RT-N CL-PP-RT (translating): "A bad breath stabbed me through the heart."

H-RRY B-RN-TT: "Er (he) ist nicht ein Kuh."

-RTH-R D--L: "Mit Eisbaren Domino spielen—play dominoes with the icebergs."

TH-M-S M-RSH-LL: "What's the use of Kissin?" Some one wonders how Tom came to ask that.

H-RRY B-RN-TT (translating): "Mary collects herself together and withdraws."

-RTH-R D--L (declaiming earnestly): "Lass mich ein Kind sein"—(class laughs).

Miss L-MB: "There's something in that expression."

-ST-N B-RD-CK: "Nie hast du *liebend* einen Mann beglückt"—  
"you never enjoyed *living* as a man."

Miss L-MB: "She evidently wasn't a new woman then."

H-STY translates: "Truthan schief auf den Balken"—the turkey slept on the balcony.

-RTH-R D--L: "Oh, the happy man who is allowed to breathe one air with you!"

H-RRY B-RN-TT: "She will not dare to slay this kingly head"  
(lines of Maria Stuart).

Miss L-MB: "She was not a man."

ST-NL-Y M-NTG-M-RY: "On both sides stood busy fruit trees with humming, gathering, food bees."

H-NRY -TT: "Die eigner Mutter der Elizabeth." "The only mother of Elizabeth."

L-N- B-L-Y: "Stiege hinauf." "Descend up."

--ST-N B-RD-CK: "So müssen wir Frauen unser Heil versuchen." "We must try our luck with the women, now."

-. D-NN-B-CK: "A dog lay beside the cart snoringly."

L-N- B--L-Y: "Why are you here——?" Miss Lamb (correcting her, suddenly), "Get out of my way!"

B-SS- B-RR-NG-R: "Ich muss den Lord erwarten." "I must wait for the Lord."

P-R-L H-LL: (Translating with emphasis.) "Can I ever get a gentleman for a husband?"

## Petition to the Honorable Board of Education.

SIRS:—We, the undersigned, respectfully pray that the course of study of the Lansing High School be changed, the following studies being omitted: Latin, Greek, German, Geometry, Physics, Drawing, Chemistry, English, Music, History, Arithmetic and Algebra, leaving in the course Number Work, Sand Table, Reading, Writing and Spelling.

Signed,

GROVER CLEVELAND,  
HAZEN S. PINGREE,  
ELIZABETH CADY STANTON,  
LAUNCELOT GOBBO,  
DR. H——N.

## Side Talks With Girls.

RUTH ASHMORE.

Skippy—Infants wear their collars buttoned at the back of the neck.

Louis—Use Ludwig's laundry soap to take out stiffness caused by six mile walks.

Mr. Smith—Mrs. Winchel's soothing syrup will keep the baby from crying during Senior final orations.

Ford Piatt—No, we do not consider you too large yet to play with your dollie.

Harry Burnett—I thank you for your many kind words; a razor costs about seventy-five cents.

Several Senior Boys—A young man should offer his arm to a young lady, not take hers.

Rose—The gentleman who invites you to go to the opera should be polite enough to buy you peanuts.

Minetta Bush—I know of no one who could fill the position of "stewart" at the school for the blind.

Kate D.—We would advise you not to act hastily, but give all things due consideration.

Mae V.—It is extremely rude for a young lady to use such expressions as "By Jupiter" or engage in pugilistic contests.

Walter—Miss Larose's collection of sentimental songs for guitar accompaniment can be had at any book store.

Miss Bailey—The above statement answers your question.

Lou B., M. A. B., and others—It is extremely unladylike to wear bloomers and it pains me exceedingly to think that any of my girls would do so.



Walter—To improve your writing, take a term of lessons from the celebrated Prof. H. Z. Burnett, whose clear, regular hand is rapidly gaining a reputation.

Lena B.—Yes, it is very improper to go riding with a young man alone at night, unless you sit on the back seat and he in front.

Several of the Senior Girls—When you become weary of this world take an Exam. in arithmetic, as weeping relieves the overworked brain.

Louis A., W. S. F., and others—I most decidedly disapprove of a young man who is still in the H. S. devoting his attentions exclusively to any one young lady.

Grace D. and others—I do not approve of using face powder of any kind; but if my girls will use it, great care should be taken that it is applied evenly and well rubbed in.

Austin—Judging from the tone of your letter, I think your greatest fault lies in your tendency to sow wild oats in your youth. My advice is that you reform as soon as possible.

Grace A.—The fashionable size of a lady's waist is now eleven inches. To decrease the size of yours take a systematic course of hammock entertainments and moonlight strolls with the necessary adjustments every evening this summer.

Harriett R.—To acquire that hop in your gait just now so desirable, practice daily with bed springs fastened to the soles of your shoes. It is said to be a very effectual method in correcting a sluggish, even tread.

Walter F. & Pearl H.—I advise you to provide yourselves with an umbrella when returning home from a Senior Lit. in the future, and thus avoid seeking shelter on the Baptist church steps or wasting your strength in a vain endeavor to outrun the storm.

Several of the Senior Boys—I am surprised that young men in the Senior year of the L. H. S. should be ignorant of the fact that a young man should never ask permission to escort a young lady home from a place where he has not accompanied her.

Monty—It is very disrespectful to speak angrily to your German

teacher, and in no case should you make a perfectly literal translation, but instead buy a copy of free interpretation, and doubtless you will then do as well as the rest of your schoolmates.

ORACLE Board—Yes, I certainly think that people in the Senior Class should avoid being idle at any time, and I consider it advisable that, in addition to your regular studies, ORACLE work, orations, laboratory practice and various other duties, you should write several extra orations, take music lessons, carry a study or two outside of your regular course, and walk several miles each day for exercise.

## From Classic Lore.

Miss A.—“Why isn't s added to the stem of consul to form the nominative?”

Freshie—“Because it ends in a fluid.”

-s-t-n B-r-i-k—“He sacrificed a lock of hair upon his grave.”

Miss A.—“Cavae aedes ululant—the halls shriek.”

-s-t-n B-r-d-c-k—“Considerere in ignis: go up in fire.”

Miss A-k-n-s—“Sic fatus nocti se immiscuit atrae: Thus speaking, he *mingled himself* in the dark night.”

F-n-k B-m-n-t—“Cui se pulchra viro dignetur ningere Dido: To whom beautiful Dido joins herself as a husband.”

F - - c-s R-s-l—“Immensis orbibus angues: Serpents with immense *orbs*.”

M-y V - - h - - s—“Parvus Inlus sequitur patrem non passibus aequis: Little Inlus follows his father, not equal in age.”

Miss A.—“Pavida trepidat forimidine pectus: My heart beats fast with a quaking fear.”

W-lb-r J-ds-n (translating)—“It seemed right to me to open the letters together with the men of most high rank.”

A Freshman (translating from Caesar)—“He was hemmed in, in the corner of a mountain.”

L - - s - lsd-rf (translating)—“You lay —” Miss - lm - r (interrupting), “You lie.” Miss A., “You lie.”

# The High School Observer.

VOL. I.

LANSING, MICH., JUNE 17, 1896.

LAST EDITION.

## A Poem of Spring Sprung.

The moon came up—the puppies howled,  
The stars shone in the sky,  
And lovers strolled to restaurants  
To lunch on midnight pie.

The evening walks, with star-lit skies  
Made nights like nightmare seem,  
For school boys' serenades disturbed  
Full many a dam sell's dream.

Sweet cherubs jumped o'er fences high  
And tore their gingham shirts,  
For sake of water melons ripe,  
Which farmers' feelings hurt.

Oh, Spring, sweet Spring, ye time of love,  
Ye hot and dainty Spring.  
I ever more will raise my voice  
And help the Tom-cats sing.

## Alfonso's Lost Love.

BY HENRIETTE U. BET.

Alfonso stood beneath the window. The strains of melody from his guitar floated through the air. Miranda appeared at an upper window; her eyes shone brightly, but the curling papers on her hair destroyed the effect of beauty to the common observer, but Alfonso was in love, and love is blind.

What happiness seemed his, what divine bliss, as he beheld the form his eyes longed to see standing in an upper window with the moonlight shining upon her.

"Oh, Miranda, Miranda!" he cried, "I am here to save you; the horses are standing ready and all

you will have to do is to put on your bloomers and sweater and then away, my love, from the scene of oppression and filial disregard. Fly with me, fly with me oh my——" but the passionate utterance was drowned by the soft voice of a neighboring donkey.

Miranda presently made her appearance at the same window, much to Alfonso's dismay and told him that the house was locked and she could not find the key.

Alfonso immediately thought of a scheme. A cherry tree stood close by the window. She could easily reach it with the aid of love. Miranda, bold as Psyche, made the attempt and succeeded beautifully. She reached the tree but alas, her sweater caught on a protruding branch and poor Miranda swung helplessly between sky and earth, and a St. Louis tornado couldn't have blown her away.

Miranda, overcome by fear and forgetful of love and Alfonso, let forth a few shrieks that raised all the dogs and men in the neighborhood. Poor Alfonso, driven by despair and a bull-dog, hastened from the scene, broken in spirit and torn in clothes.

Miranda was rescued by one of the farm hands, whom she afterwards married through gratitude for saving her life.

[NOT TO BE CONTINUED.]

## News Items.

Wesley Turner visited the school, Friday.

Stanley Montgomery had his Ovid lesson last Monday.

Ralph Hasty is soon to have published a book of poems.

Mildred Fulton received 99 3-5 % in Cæsar this month.

Minnie Beckwith was the guest of Louis Appleyard last Sunday.

Henrietta Betz has become a regular contributor to the *Fireside Companion*.

Germond Graham has left school because he felt that he was not appreciated.

For the "Exam." in Junior German this week, Miss Lamb made out twenty-five questions with (a), (b) and (c) to each. Oh, there's nothing small about her except her size.

The report that George Field and Roy Chapin are already "hustling" for the respective positions of editor-in-chief and business manager on the '97 Oracle board is false.

Eloise Chambers has accepted the position of writing rhymes for gum wrappers, with the "Black Jack" Chewing Gum Co. She will enter upon her new duties as soon as school closes.

Lena Bailey and Minnie Bush have been holding a dancing class every Tuesday and Friday evening for several weeks, in order to give the Senior boys a few "pointers" on tripping the "light fantastic" before the class banquet.

## A Junior Love Poem.

(From the *Germond*.)

When night rides high, and shadows fly,  
And all the world is still,  
A maiden fair, with golden hair,  
Oft wanders o'er the hill.  
One summer night, when stars shone bright,  
And moonlight gloated o'er,  
That maiden fair, with golden hair,  
Went strolling by the door.

The wind blew round, its magic sound  
Made every leaflet sigh,  
But over there all, unaware  
That maiden seemed to fly.  
But to her side, I then did glide,  
And sweetly called her name,  
And then she smiled, my heart beguiled  
Beat ne'er again the same.

And then I found, the way around  
Her lithe and slender waist,  
And as she sighed, I closely eyed  
To see if 'twere misplaced.  
But ne'er a frown, her eyes of brown  
Danced merrily with glee;  
And heavenly bliss! I stole a kiss  
That seemed just made for me.

And 'neath the moon, in lovely June,  
When wandering o'er the hill,  
That maiden fair, with golden hair,  
Is ever by me still.  
On summer nights, in airy flights,  
In happy hours of bliss,  
'Tis never wrong, to stroll along,  
And sometimes steal a kiss.



The poems which have appeared in it from time to time are too deep for their comprehension, and especially the "Poem on Spring."



We here that one of the members of the Board of Education is using his influence to have Greek, Latin, German etc. left out of the High School course.



We wish to thank the few who have subscribed for our paper and congratulate them upon their good judgment in so doing.

# THE HIGH SCHOOL OBSERVER.

Office, 315-316 Hollister Block.

A Good Bye Weakley Paper Devoted to the Interests of the Lansing High School.

## PUBLISHED BY THE FOLLOWING:

Editor-in-Chief, - - -	GEO. A. FIELD
Assistant Editor, -	STANLEY MONTGOMERY
Athletic Editor, - - -	FORD PIATT
Business Manager, - -	ROY D. CHAPIN
Assistant Manager, - -	ERVY LAROSE
Circulator, - - -	FRANK MCKIBBIN
Treasurer, - - -	MARK LUDWICK

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Entered at the postoffice, Lansing, Mich., as fifth-class mail matter.

We are very sorry to announce to the publick that this is the last number of the *Observer* to be issued. It is unable to be published any longer becauz it is not a suces finanshially.

Spesial paynes has been took with this number on that acount.

This paper is of tru litererry meret, in fact it is so verry litererry that the scholers of the L. H. S can't appreciate it.

Despite its meret, however, we have been unable to sell a sufficient number to warrant its continuence, and therefour have decided to publish it no longer.

We would like to have those sub-scryburs who have not payed their subscryptions up to the presant time, call at the *Observatory*, not later than Friday, and pay them.

The *Observer* hopes, however, that his inphluance is not verry grate as we consider the disciplyne which the mind receves in pursuing these studys, verry benefisial.

## Athletics.

Local field day was held last Saturday at the fair grounds. The attendance was very large and the association realized a large amount.

### EVENTS:

Eating match:

First, Appleyard, 10 pies;  
Second, Bement, 8½ pies.

Smiling match:

First, Burnett, 15 min.;  
Second, Marshall, 10 min.

Standing perfectly still:

First, D. Piatt, 5 min.;  
Second, Graham, 3 min.

Yelling match:

First, Foster, heard above 25.  
Second, F. Piatt, heard above 20.

Talking match (the only event for girls):

First, Bessie Hurd, 1,431 words per min.;

Second, Bessie Ronan, 1,003 words per min.;

Third, June Davis, 999¾ words per min.



### The Oracle Has Heard—

That  $40-30+20=110$ , according to Mr. Everett.

That Austin Burdick would find the length of a sound wave “by the use of a bottle.” Why! Autie.

That Lena Bailey has decided to change her name.

That Minnie Bush says she intends “to live for art (Art) alone.”

That Hattie Robson sometimes has continuous pains in her jaw.  
(We can't imagine the cause!)

That Louis Appleyard delights in midnight walks.

That Austin Burdick knows all about “traveling on your face.”

That Miss Young often relates her experiences in “'63.”

That Stanley Montgomery has passed in Physical Geography.

### The Oracle Would Like to See—

The staff of the *High School Observer* studying Grammar.

Austin Burdick's hair cut.

A Freshman class-meeting.

Miss Atkins fail to catch a “pony.”

Miss Bronson “pass” one of her own Prose “tests.”

May Voorhees satisfied with her “standing.”

Bertha Malone commence an oration before 1:15 A. M. of the day  
it is to be handed in.

A fancy “head” for the *Observer*.

### Just a Little Nonsense.

Miss Y--ng—“A merry Xmas and Happy New Year to all who  
don't come back.”

Th-m-s M-rsh-ll—“A hair-splitting escape.”

Miss L-mb—“I am being rushed just now.”

H-rry B-rn-tt—“More denser.”

L-dw-k (in English)—“Let me play the fool.” Someone said afterward: “Doesn’t Ludwick play that part well?”

St-nl-y M-ntg-m-ry (in Cicero)—“That’s the way we translated it last year.”

Miss -lm r—“What a wonderful memory you have.”

Miss L-tt—“Who was Plato’s best friend?”

Freshie—“Longfellow.”

“Bunny”—“Stroke of thunder.”

D. P--tt—“Socrates taught the *emigration* of souls.”

T-lly V-n H-lt-r-n (in general history class)—“And the wolf tore his victuals (vitals) out.”

Miss -lm-r—“If they carried hay on their backs what would they be?”

Cl-r-nc- -rq-h--rt—“Hayseeds.”

Miss Sl- - n—“Dudes and dudlets—people whom the Lord meant to be fools.”

Miss Y- - g—“I can’t never do any work on Saturday night, I have a standing engagement for that night.”

M-y U- -rh- -s—“Garrison’s paper was mobbed and nearly killed.”

Gr-c- -lsd-rf (reporting on an article about a bell)—“The bell was ninety feet high and was therefore three or four times as high as a man.”

H-tt- - R-bs-n—“Why, to determine the quality of a tone, you just have a little brass instrument and you put the tones in this and \_\_\_\_\_.”

K-th-r-n- S-ll-rs (in chemistry, speaking of spontaneous combustion)—“If a substance is saturated with oil it will *combust*.”

Miss Y- -ng (explaining a problem in algebra)—“Suppose, take it figuratively, I am twice as old as you are.”

G-rm-nd Gr-h-m—“I hurt my finger so I couldn’t get my lesson.”

P-rl J-n-s—"I don't drink water any more; I've got an iron constitution and I'm afraid it'll rust."

Mr. Smith (standing before the geometry class)—"Now all you scholars behold this lune."

In English class during the study of Julius Cæsar, George Field as Cassius. Cæsar—"Yon Cassius, hath a lean and hungry look."

Freshie—"Milk is imbued with a small quantity of thunder."

One of the ORACLE reporters—Mary Robson—spells ORACLE O-R-I-C-A-L.

Miss Sl-n—"Please take notice that Rose Hartwick Thorp, Will Carlton, and myself are graduates of Hillsdale College—two great authors and one great authority."

K-rl H-dg-s—"Dora is like a peach-blossom." (Example of a simile given in Miss Dora Elmer's class.)

The most familiar quotation in English class—"Mr. Montgomery, put your gum in the paper basket."

Miss Br-ns-n—"She was absent all this week and got three zeros besides."

-st-n B-rd-ck, reporting on an article in physics—"I will give you my prelude today and continue the theme in my text."

Mr. -v-r-tt, moving a case of geological specimens—"This is pretty rocky."

H-rr-s H-nsh- -—"The hair and whiskers of the statue of the Goddess Athena are of gold."

Miss Y-ng, telling about a lady born in 1813—"She didn't remember much about the war of 1812."

Miss Sl-n to J-y F-n-h (who was talking to B-ss- H-rd in Eng. class)—"Jay, this is English class, and it would be just as well if there were a little less talking French."

S. M-ntg-m-ry—"Does that mean that Cethegus was fat?"

Miss -lm-r—"Yes, but corpulent would sound better, Mr. M-ntg-m-ry."

M-ntg-m-ry—"Did it run in the family?"

Junior boy—"Isn't chlorine what actresses use to make their hair yellow?"

Mr. -v-r-tt (blushing)—"I am sure I don't know."

Mr. H-lm-s—"She was just outside the door when she came in."

W-lt-r F-st-r says to wear your school colors *on your horns* Field Day.

Speaker—"I am now referring to the great mass of students."

L--s Appl-y-rd (sotto voice)—"That refers to me."

St-w-rt H-ll speaks of political parties as Jeffersonians and Hamiltonians.

Miss -lm-r, not wishing any more pupils to enter her afternoon classes, says her "classes are all full after dinner."

V-r-g-n- - L-dh-lz, to --st-n B-rd-ck—"What does 'liebst du mir' mean?"

--st-n—"I don't believe I can explain that."

Mr. -v-r-tt (explaining the mirror to Miss Robson)—"You know how it is when you look in the glass."

Miss Sl--n—"A man ought to be killed that would make a love poem tedious."

Miss -lm-r—"How are the bronchial tubes arranged in the stomach, class?"



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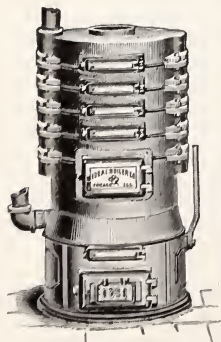
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